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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII., No. 934. · SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1925. · TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

A NEW NET SALES RECORD See page 7

1000 Prizes for CROSS-WORDS — see page 34

MODERN DENS OF THIEVES

by "WOODBINE WILLIE"
(Rev. G. Studdert Kennedy)

Why suffer with Indigestion?

In spite of the prevalence of indigestion and other stomach disorders of a similar nature, it is a comforting fact that these distressing complaints can be speedily remedied by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia after every meal. This is the quickest, safest and surest way to end all stomach ailments, for 'Bisurated' Magnesia removes the cause of the trouble instantly by neutralising acidity and preventing fermentation.

'Bisurated' Magnesia cannot possibly fail to give relief, and this is why so many doctors confidently recommend it to their patients, and for the same reason many hospitals use it.

Remember that your health depends upon a good digestion and that 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the only remedy that will keep your digestion in a state of perfect well-being.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

IN POWDER
More suitable for family use in the home
1/3 and 3/-

EVERY CHEMIST SELLS IT

IN TABLETS
Flasks, handy for the pocket or handbag
1/3 and 2/6

RHEUMATISM CURED

Rathmore, IRELAND.

Dear Sirs,—As a literary man and partial invalid, I write to thank you for the wonderful benefits derived from a short course of your incomparable remedy, Urace.

I was a martyr for a long period to the agonising pangs of NEURITIS, and having tried several specifics without relief was persuaded to try Urace.

It is indeed a true Conqueror of Pain I am now nearly free from pain, can sleep soundly and awake in the morning refreshed.

Urace is indeed all that is claimed for it and more. Yours faithfully,

J. CROKER ABBOTT, B.A.

URACE CURES AND CURES QUICKLY.

The cause of Rheumatism lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters. YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes Rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called sure-alls, spas, appliances, belts, and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co, Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrods, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA, CRAMP, NERVE PAINS, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE, GOUT, BACKACHE, SCIATICA, &c.

GOOD LUCK!

FOLLOWS JU-JU THE NIGERIAN MASCOT. Don't merely hope for better luck—make it a certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Armed with the Ju-Ju's mysterious powers of attracting good fortune, everything you touch will turn out well. Never mind what sceptics say; wear a Ju-Ju and you will prosper and profit in every field. Adopt Ju-Ju, and bid farewell to ill-luck. Satisfaction Guaranteed or cash refunded:

Sterling Silver, 5/- } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept, J.B.)
Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Also from Gamage's, London.

Asthma

Bronchitis, Catarrh and Whooping Cough are relieved at once by Potter's Asthma Cure. Makes your days comfortable and nights restful. Supplied by all medicine vendors, 1/6. Post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 90, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Instant relief

Two Cheques—ONE Registration

JOHN BULL

Free Insurance Gift

Covers both Husband and Wife under the ONE Registration

The extra value of the *John Bull* Free Insurance Gift is demonstrated in the case of Mr. Peter Young, Lower Blidworth, Near Mansfield, Notts., and his wife, Mrs. Young, who both contracted smallpox. Although only ONE registered they EACH receive a cheque for £5 5s. This is only one instance amongst many of the broad-minded and generous way in which *John Bull's* Free Insurance Gift works. Against Fire, Storm, Sickness and Accident, *John Bull* covers you free. Sign the forms now.

116 more Benefits Paid This Week—Total Now 15,671

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 11/4/25.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

J.B. 11/4/25.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

SEE WHAT YOU GET!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Pen, admittedly worth 10/6.

(2) 2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE.

(3) Your Name in Gold on Pen FREE.

Our usual Price including postage and pocket clip, 5/6.
WITH GIFT COUPON **4/6**

Tear off Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper containing your name and address and give name or initials you wish engraved on the Pen. Send Cheque/P.O. for 4/6 (which includes postage and clip) to JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."
State if fine, medium, or broad nib.

John Bull's Great Easter Gift Offer

Pen is fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tip. Written two years' guarantee.

The Gift Coupon will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the "John Bull" Pen, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 "EverPointed" Pencil. Your name also engraved in gold on Pen FREE. Thus you need only send 4/6 and the coupon (which includes postage and clip) instead of 5/6 whilst this amazing Easter Gift offer lasts.

One Shilling
Gift Coupon
EASTER, 1925.
This Coupon will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen.
Available until April 18.

Not coddled but cared for

Mother—
the health doctor

Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton

Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH

SMALL boys have a horror of being coddled. They like to imitate their older companions' independence of girlish nonsense, to feel that they are men and can take care of themselves. Mother, the health doctor, encourages this youthful pride. Knowing it is good for their characters, she lets them believe they are quite capable of doing without her.

The soap that Daddy uses

Her greatest care for them is her deliberate choice of Lifebuoy Soap, the jolly stuff which they like to use because Dad always washes with it. It is a good, manly soap; it makes them puff out their chests with a glowing sensation of fitness, which is joy to their sturdy natures. They love the healthy smell—so refreshing at the moment, so quickly gone. The odour vanishes, but the protection remains. Quietly in the background, mother the health doctor, helps them to form the Lifebuoy habit.

Mother knows

She can't expect them to take the germs very seriously, to shun a fellow who's a good footballer simply because he's not as clean as they.

Mother won't ask the impossible, but she'll see to it that the cake of Lifebuoy is always at hand to render her boys immune from the dangers which surround them when they are outside her supervision.

She knows that Lifebuoy cleanliness is the arch-enemy of disease.

Rely on Lifebuoy. Put a cake of Lifebuoy in every place in the house where hands are washed, to be used by everybody—old and young.

Buy it in the *new pack*. Two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

L 204-100

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the health doctor

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Buy it in the *new pack*. Two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

L 204-100

Skin Healing Begins at Once.

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Eruptions, Rough Red Skin, Pimples, Scurf, and other Facial Blemishes.

Mrs. R. Sharp.

Mrs. R. Sharp, of 27, Burr Road, Merton Road, Southfields, London, S.W.8, says:—"After influenza a swelling came on my neck, and then I had a lump on my head which broke and discharged. The trouble spread until it was all over my head, and I suffered severe pain. I was told that it was due to overstrain. Ointments and blood medicines proved useless, so I tried Germolene on one of the places. The effect was so immediate that I continued the treatment, and from that time the trouble began to disappear. Before I had used the second box I was cured completely, though five months of other treatment had failed. I tell all my friends about Germolene."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-.**
Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1761F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write plainly.

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

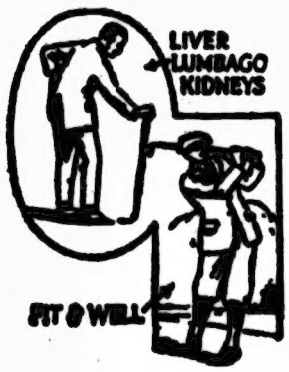
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

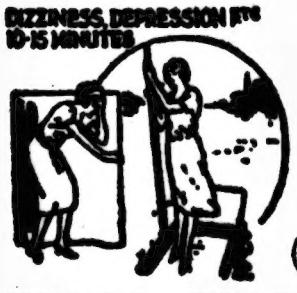
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours





The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received thousands of letters from satisfied users in 15 months which are open to inspection

17913—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18296—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

22323—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

22324—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

22328—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.

22761—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21867—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.

22162—F—— Tuberculosis Dispensary: Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite amongst certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.

22961—I do not know what I would do without the tablets, and I live in fear of running short of them as my complaint, diabetes, asserts itself as soon as I stop taking them.

21112—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes. I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

22674—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

21111—Whilst at the nursing home I had to take what Dr. B. prescribed. I suffered terribly with my head, and I felt miserable without my Yeast-Vites, but I induced a friend to get me a box, and next morning I was much brighter and myself again. The sisters noticed it, and the matron remarked, "What a change, Mrs. B.; you are looking wonderfully well to-day. Good old Dr. B." But I said to myself, "Good old Yeast-Vite!"

22263—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Diabetes, Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, 29, Red Lion Street; Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best house for beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, E.1.

£2 LOT sells for £3. Make money selling Remnants, Prints, Hosiery, Travellers' Samples, etc. No risk. Money back if dissatisfied. Send P.C. for Free Guide. Worth pounds.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 4, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Est. 1899.

DRAPERY Remnants. Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

WONDERFUL Value for small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free. — S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 2, Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advt. page 20.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DOES £1,000 A YEAR TEMPT YOU?—Trained Salesmen can earn it. So can you. Employers are begging for men who are masters of Scientific Salesmanship. You, in your present job, can learn the Science of Selling in spare time at home, under Britain's Foremost exponent, Mr. Wallace Attwood. You risk nothing. Introductions to good positions will be provided for you at the end of the Course—thus you enter the ranks of the world's most highly-paid profession. Don't dally with opportunity, send straight away for an intensely interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." No obligation. Write for it to-day. —The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Acetylene Welders, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Fitters, Motor Cyclists, Photographers, Tinsmith and Sheet Metal Workers, Wireless Operators and Wireless Mechanics. Age limits: 18 to 30. Also young men of superior education for training as Carpenters, Wireless Operators and Wireless Mechanics. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men of 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call: R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.; 41, Church Street, Birmingham; or 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clarkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperial Knitting Machines at home. Good wages guar. Easy terms arranged. Stamp for pros.—Dept. 62, Imperial Hosiery Co., 97, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS (experienced) required in New Zealand. Employment guaranteed. Free passage. Gift of £2. — Apply, "Domestic," Immigration Officer, New Zealand Office, 415, Strand, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 136, Strand, London.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H.—Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples. 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 263-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

4/- TO 10/6 MONTHLY.—Ladies' Costumes, Coat-frocks, Men's Suits, Boots, Watches, Clocks, Gold Rings. Send postcard for illustrated price-list.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

BIG BARGAINS for Everybody.—Save Middlemen's profit. Cycles, Tyres, Accessories, Household Labour Savers, Tools for Home and Garden. Write free Catalogues, fully illustrated. TOWNSHENDS, LTD., Dept. 67, Birmingham.

FLOOR COVERINGS. — Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp-proof, Rot-proof, Sanitary. For any kind of floor, 2/- sq. yd., carr. paid. Send now for Free Samples.—C. Jones & Son (Dept. J.B.), 93, Borough Road, London, S.E.1.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. BEDDING, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated List free. Cash or Instalments. Why pay more prices. Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

WALLPAPERS direct. Eclipse 1925 designs. Get free book. 130 patterns from 3d. per roll. Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, etc., large selection, lowest prices; satisfaction guar. List free. —"Uneedus," 106, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

PERM.-WAVE COMB, 2/-. British. Non-inflammable. Ladies' or Gent's. Used like ord. comb.—Lawrence, 3, Gillingham St., S.W.1.

RAZORS, 4/6. Not a high price for a really good razor. Guaranteed satisfactory.—Holmes, 32, Trafalgar Street, Norwich.

A FREE SAMPLE of "Monkey Brand" is offered in the advt. which appears on page 26. Carefully address your application to Benjamin Brooke and Co., Ltd., 34, Bebington, Cheshire, or mention that you have seen the offer in *John Bull*.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH, A1 Quality.—Kits of Mixed, 5 st. £1; Kipps., Blots., 6/- st. Bass, select, 3/- Carr. pd.—T. Maskell, GRIMSBY.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS SETS by easy payments, loud-speakers, 'phones, components. Listen in while paying. Free Lists from the makers.—Townsends, Ltd., Ernest Street, Birmingham.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 25/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 90, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 mths. trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

£500

IN CASH PRIZES FOR USERS OF

SPRATT'S DOG FOODS

You may win the first cash prize of £200 just by estimating the correct order of popularity on six coupons listing different breeds of dogs. Enter this fascinating competition to-day!

You can get two FREE coupons and an instruction leaflet from any corn merchant or dealer who sells SPRATT'S, or direct from the address below. The remaining four coupons will be found in bags and packets of Spratt's Dog Foods.

The cost to you is nothing—yet you may win £200.

See your corn merchant to-day. Full particulars can be obtained from—

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,
24-5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3

GARDENING.

GARDEN NETTING.—Protect your Seeds and Buds from Frost and Birds. Our Netting is guaranteed carriage paid, and cash returned if unsatisfactory. 25 yds. x 1 yd. 2/6, 25 yds. x 2 yds. 5/-. Any size price in proportion. As supplied by us to the Royal Gardens. Samples free. Cheaper Netting at 25 sq. yds. for 1/6.—H. J. GASSON AND SONS, Rye, Sussex. Est. over 100 years

HOUSE PURCHASE.

ABOLISH RENT.—Purchase your house through Co-op. Society. Easy payments, parties free.—Society B., 4, London Wall Bldgs., E.C.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE.—Leave the overcrowded labour market and learn something new. We teach Swedish Massage and all modern Manipulative Treatments at very low fees. Send for bklt. and learn what others have been able to do.—47, Smae Institute, Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

FIGURE DRAWING.—Fascinating, profitable Course, including 100 valuable nude studies, 3/- complete.—Studio (J.B.), 38, Portland Crescent, Leeds.

EYESIGHT TESTING.

BRING your National Health Card to Mr. Lawrence, F.S.M.C., F.B.O.A. F.I.O. Qualified optician.—38, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. and 210, Edgware Road, W.2, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE Stomach Troubles, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6. Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. New Scientific Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, operation or rest unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. Astounding successes, hundreds of testimonials. Call or write NOW for Booklet "B" and full particulars.—Le Bras-eur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch, 90, Worcester St.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (JB), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS in children, invalids and adults quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot., at Boots', or post free from Parker's Remedy Co. (J.B.), 18, James Street, Liverpool. Write to-day for partics.

WHEN YOUR BONES ACHE, it cannot be indigestion. Perhaps you are too young to be getting old. It may be rheumatism—or perhaps sciatica. You will find instant relief in a Radio-active Bath, easily prepared at home, with Saltura Bath Salts, obtainable at all Chemists. Price 1/9.—Hy. J. Smith (Chemists), Ltd., 2, Stanley Road, Acton, W.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.17), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES.—To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient" (The perfect Nerve Food), which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send by return a TRIAL SUPPLY, ABSOLUTELY FREE. Do not delay. Write to-day for this safe, certain and speedy treatment.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London, S.W.18.

HERBAL TEA, the great revitalising and cleansing Spring Tonic, prescribed by Nature, used for Centuries. Send 1/6 for 15 days' treatment. Satisfaction or money back.—Weekday Postal Service, 621, Weekday Cross, Nottm.

AVOID drugs. Send for sample of new Gland Food. Brain and spinal cord substance.—Laboratories (Desk H.), 15, Chestnut Rd., Lon., S.E.27.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

KARAH (Kar-rar), Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture. Something quite new. Special process. Cool, sweet, lasting and economical. Free from nicotine. 4-oz. Tins, 1/6; 8 oz., 2/9; 16-oz 5/4. Post free.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford, Lincs.

MEND-A-TEAR Repairing Strip and a hot iron mends tears in a moment, without stitches —adds years to your life. Obtainable from Cycle Agents, Drapers, Chemists, etc., or free sample for 1½d. stamp from Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd. (23), Leicester.

BEETLES, Green Fly, Fleas, in fact all insects, are killed instantly by "Secto." Harmless to animals. Get it from your Chemist. "Secto," the sure killer.

CYDER, pure, bright and sound, 1/9 per gallon. Carriage Paid. Free Sample.—S. Wright and Co., Walkern, Herts.

WRITE to-day for a free copy of "Motoring at Tram Fare," an interesting booklet offered by The Austin Motor Co., Ltd., Longbridge, near Birmingham, makers of the Wonderful "Austin Seven." Make sure you mention *John Bull* when writing.

IF YOU OWN a cycle or motor-cycle, you will be interested to have the illustrated price-list (No. 1) of Moseley Tyres, advertised elsewhere in this issue.—Write to-day to David Moseley and Sons, Ltd., Ardwick, Manchester.

THIS is the last month of the "Daily Mail" Ballot to help the Hospitals. £25,000 in money prizes must be won. Open to all *John Bull* Readers. Win £15 a week for life or £10,000 down. Think what you stand to gain. Don't delay. Get your ticket right away. Send coupon on page 31 NOW!

IF YOU SEND 6 stamps for postage and package to No. 230, Muller Laboratories, 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W., a 7-day trial box of The Muller Nutrient, which restores the glorious energy of health, will be sent, together with 64-pp. illustrated book, "Way to Health," post free.

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Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 14½ x 7½in.) Powerful Silent Motor Worm Drive for constant Sound Box
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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
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Week ending Saturday,
April 11, 1925. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH & *the* DEVIL

This Week—

"Woodbine Willie" on "Modern Dens of Thieves" .. .. p. 15

Dr. R. J. Campbell .. .. p. 8	Philip Inman .. .. p. 20
A. G. Gardiner .. .. p. 18	Lady Caroline Wells .. .. p. 21
Alex. M. Thompson ("Dangle") .. .. p. 18	H. A. Vachell .. .. p. 22
"A Gentleman with a Duster" .. .. p. 19	Mabel Herner .. .. p. 24
Professor Richet .. .. p. 20	Bishop of Exeter .. .. p. 24

Special Articles by:

Be Bold.

Our call to Mr. Baldwin to unite the country on a bold industrial policy has been taken up in Parliament. The gravity of continued unemployment silences faction.

Feebleness Confessed.

It is his own Cabinet the Premier must drive. On unemployment the Ministers of Labour and Trade have nothing to propose and don't believe a Government can do anything!

The Country's Resources.

Yet there is the land waiting to have its produce doubled. Only a matter of more labour scientifically applied. Big possibilities lie in reconstruction of the mining and metal industries.

Mr. Snowden's Arithmetic.

An actual revenue surplus of 3½ millions against an estimate of four millions is the closest Budget calculating for many years. Mr. Snowden having got the surplus down, Mr. Churchill can beat him only by getting the expenditure down.

The Warmongers.

We are spending to-day on defence over 50 per cent. in excess of pre-war expenditure. It's the straight way to national suicide.

A Meagre Sowing.

Having voted more money than the country can afford, the House of Commons starts on legislation. We are to have more juries and (possibly) brighter roads. But the promised Factory Bill has not materialised.

Landowners and Roads.

The £100,000,000 spent on roads has added huge values to neighbouring property. Why does not the new Roads Improvement Bill provide for landowners to contribute?

The Money-Go-Round.

The Ellerman Lines have placed at Wallsend an order for a 1,400-ton cargo steamer. It's good news. Money paid in wages circulates in purchase of necessities. Result, health in the community.

Full Steam Ahead.

It is reassuring to the travelling public that the L.M.S. Railway is to put into service this year 319 new engines, besides a further 91 planned for next year. The shops are humming. An engine a day keeps poverty at bay.

Output and Income.

Clyde launches for March are the highest on record. New contracts are coming in, including an order for four cargo steamers of 7,000 tons deadweight. If industrial peace is maintained this means the beginning of a boom.

Tilbury Tidings.

Enormous dock extensions are planned for Tilbury. Further improvements bring into use for large vessels three miles of quayage with grain-discharging equipment. Here's work for at least five years.

In London Too.

The Port of London Authority are to put in hand at once enterprises costing £21,000,000. The inference is obvious. We are justified in expecting soon to see the misery of the "dole" superseded by honest work.

Own Your Home.

Members of building societies in this country number 850,000. Banish unemployment and they would speedily double. House ownership spells healthy family life and national stability.

Sweep Out Muddle.

It is time the mining industry had a spring clean. The closed pits of Blaenavon, throwing a whole town on the "dole," point the moral. There's a clear case for complete reorganisation.

The Snag.

The agitation to "fix" wages by Act of Parliament is ridiculous. Wages are fixed by economic conditions. The only safe rule is the old one, "Do as you would be done by." It's golden.

'JOHN BULL' NET PAID SALES

The Directors, Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs.—We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the undermentioned issues of John Bull, and certify that the net sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below.

Jan. 3	903,273	Feb. 14	915,279
„ 10	901,616	„ 21	927,656
„ 17	900,476	„ 28	935,958
„ 24	900,568	Mar. 7	946,126
„ 31	901,512	„ 14	941,626
Feb. 7	908,795	„ 21	940,179

March 28 - - - - 958,951

Yours Faithfully,
(Signed) FRANKLIN WILD & CO.
Chartered Accountants.

Orient House, New Broad St., E.C.2.
3rd April, 1925.

It's Healthy.

The gate money at two recent football matches amounted to £7,438. The workers aren't all starving. Football is the people's game.

Why not Emulate?

Colossal sales and the enormous profit for the past year's working of the Ford Motor concern of £20,100,000 suggests food for thought in this country. Mass production, cars for the million, and business hums. It might be tried here with advantage.

A Slight Omission.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed the House that the Government will decide whether or not we are going back to the gold standard, he should have added, "On the advice of the Bank of England."

Fact and Fallacy.

A well-known Socialist recently informed the world that the wealth of England lies in the hands of about 100 families. To which we reply that, according to the latest returns, 90,000 people in this country pay super-tax—and quite a number evade it!

Bad Tactics.

Coercion into impossible jobs in order to force women and girls out of unemployment benefit is alleged. Statesmen would be well advised to enquire into the facts. Even women have votes.

Test the Work-shy.

The ordinary tramp is vanishing. It is less exertion to live on the "dole." When waiting men are set to waiting work this abuse will vanish. Until then the goats fare equally well with the sheep.

Trade Unions and Politics.

Trade union work and Parliamentary activity cannot mix. The Parliamentary Labour Party must abandon such futile attempts. The unions must prohibit officials from standing for Parliament.

A Sorry Spectacle.

The open warfare promoted within the co-operative society by the lock-out of members of the N.U.D.A.W. was a disgrace to the movement. Co-operation, like charity, must begin at home. Otherwise, it becomes a mock for the scornful.

Peace Pact for Schools.

The Burnham award on salaries secures teachers against savage cuts sought by local authorities. Odd that the people who dread Bolshevism do not see the danger of permeating the schools with a spirit of revolt against authority.

The Stuff to Give 'em.

The Home Secretary has hit upon the right plan in deporting bankrupt aliens. When their conduct justifies that course, the Home Office discretion as to "undesirable aliens" is ample.

Problems of Life.

MORAL VALUES

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IN a recent article I pointed out that we too readily think in abstractions, and illustrated the statement by adding that goodness and justice are not realities apart from good and just persons.

This incontrovertible proposition appears to have perplexed some readers who ask for further light upon it.

Well, take some of our most familiar abstract ideas—such as softness, lightness, hardness—and ask what realities they denote.

Is it not plain that they have no real existence at all?

THEY are properties of things. There are soft things, light things, hard things; but softness, lightness, hardness are nowhere to be found as things in themselves.

It is the same with abstract moral ideas: they do not really exist. Moral qualities exist as found in persons, but not otherwise.

A danger attending the use of abstract moral ideas is that they tend to blind us to real values.

Many a man can discourse eloquently about justice, kindness, brotherhood, and the like who is not markedly just, kind, or brotherly himself.

It is well known, for instance, that to advocate generosity at the public expense is quite compatible with being mean and selfish in one's private relations; yet there are public men who appear to think they are being generous when they are thus doing what costs them nothing.

In the name of social justice we might succeed in equalising all incomes to-morrow without making one single person any juster in spirit than before.

We spend more time than our fathers did in advocating what is desirable in the abstract, and less in improving ourselves in the concrete.

A DISTINGUISHED American sociologist, Irving Babbit, in his book "Democracy and Leadership," quotes a rhyming jingle from an Ohio newspaper in which the writer, after noting our failure to make the world much better or happier, notwithstanding all our legislation and mass movements, says:

And so I hold it is not treason
To advance a simple reason
For the sorry lack of progress we decry.
It is this: instead of working
On himself, each man is shirking,
And trying to reform some other guy.

Moral values have to be lived or they come to nothing; and the more personal their application the more likely are they to be lived well.

As light is invisible till it shines from material objects, so are ideals useless till they find expression in the individual man.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

French who Pay.

Frenchmen living in England on salaries from France pay British income-tax. They are hotly in favour of France redeeming her debt.

The Idiocy of Iraq.

Now that the Colonial Secretary has definitely declared that the Imperial Exchequer will in no way benefit by the oil concessions in Mesopotamia, the last vestige of excuse for our continued occupation has disappeared.

The Bolshevik Bear.

Information reaches us from Persia that Russian officers are being placed in command of the gendarmerie. That is a preliminary step along the high road to India.

Behind the Scenes.

Our diplomatic relations with Mexico are still strained. Wall Street objects to the exploitation of Mexico by English financiers. That was really how the row started.

Which Home?

The Cabinet is at its wit's-end over the Egyptian question. It is just beginning to realise that we cannot grant Home Rule and then dictate the kind of rule we want from home.

A Tip to Transgressors.

The total receipts for 1924 on account of wireless receiving licences were £613,309. At least a million was expected. A move will be made shortly to round up some of the thousands who use wireless without licences.

Dirty Meat.

The butchers are doing their best to dodge the clean meat regulations of the Ministry of Health. Their arguments suggest a lazy indifference to public welfare. Mr. Chamberlain must stand firm.

Religious Reaction.

The Bastardy Bill, which has passed its first reading, is being held up by the Government. The Primate has got at the Premier. We would like to get at the Primate.

Excusing Slackness.

During the last four years cases of lead-poisoning in the Potteries have steadily increased. The Home Office regards them as due to peculiar susceptibilities of the victims. We do not.

Facts First.

Someone has recently discovered that wrought iron is more durable than steel for the construction of metal houses. Why not get at the facts before getting on with the buildings?

Catch Them Out.

Housewives must note that *real* reduction is taking place in wholesale prices. New-laid eggs are 1s. 3d. per dozen, butter, cheese, and all greengrocery has dropped. Watch your retailer.

We're not Deceived.

There's a "drop" in coal (now warm weather's here). Milk is "down" (as keeping qualities lessen). We must have legislation to keep them there before winter again comes round.

That Wembley Exposure.

The Wembley Amusements Park scandal which we exposed last year has been brought before the House of Commons by Sir Alfred Butt, who spoke of contract intricacies and unpaid debts with the freedom of Parliamentary privilege. The Government reply was lame indeed.

Not Kind to Concessionnaires.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister claims that the Empire Exhibition authorities are no more responsible for the conduct of concessionnaires than for any pickpocket who may have paid eighteenpence at the gate. What an attitude!

This Year's Concession.

Criminal proceedings, said Sir Philip, would "unquestionably be taken" if the liquidation proceedings disclosed proper grounds.

"John Bull" Pays
More Insurance Benefits
TOTAL NOW 15,671

A Solitary Soul.

When a poor old woman was found dead in the Stepney Baths not a soul in all the vast metropolis was found to claim the corpse. Imagine the bitter loneliness which must have preceded the final tragedy. Life can be terribly cruel.

The Cruelty of "Sport."

Whippet racers have found that their wonderful little dogs will run after a white pocket-handkerchief as gamely as after a frightened rabbit. The discovery, it seems, has occasioned great surprise. Evidently the dogs are more humane than their masters.

The Very Idea!

The edict has gone forth that the poor old folk in the Oxford Workhouse Infirmary must still make do with margarine. That they should be given butter, says the vice-chairman of the Guardians, Mr. Dolbear, is "asking a little too much." Mr. Bumble would have agreed.

Tears and Taxes.

With tears in her eyes a Swansea woman begged the magistrates to give her husband time to pay 3s. 6d. arrears of income-tax. To their credit be it said that the justices passed round the hat and wiped out the debt. These so-called "taxes on wealth" are apt to miss their aim.

Official Cruelty.

Having decided to pull down a block of council houses to make room for new flats, the Marylebone Borough Council gave the tenants fourteen days' notice to quit, without troubling their heads for a moment as to where alternative accommodation was to be found. A public body which behaves in this way is past praying for.

Girls Under a Cloud.

The Speedwell Club, to be opened in Bethnal Green this month, will fill a need. The club is for girls under remand and on probation. It will be better than sending them to Holloway, where they get the prison taint before they are tried. We welcome this effort to humanise society's dealings with girls under a cloud.

Penny Suppers.

In deciding to provide workhouse inmates with penny suppers to stave off the pangs of hunger between five o'clock tea and eight o'clock breakfast next morning, the Hammersmith guardians can hardly be accused of reckless extravagance. But the faintest streak of humanity in the administration of the Poor Law is rare and refreshing.

John Bull's Boys.

Little Freddie Cunningham, of Walworth, is only four years old, but he jumped into the canal at Camberwell Gate in a gallant attempt to rescue a little comrade. Not strong enough himself to retrieve his drowning comrade, he shouted for help, and thus saved the situation. When he is older he may well be proud of this record of natural generosity and courage.

The Happy Return.

Ralph Stanger, a Girvan fisherman, in difficulties on a lee shore in a gale, saved his three shipmates by jumping overboard and swimming to land. It was considered inadvisable, owing to the storm, to launch the lifeboat, but Ralph got two fishing boats, one called the *Happy Return*, to go successfully to the rescue. In the absence of the necessary poet, we pay a tribute of honour to Ralph Stanger.

Take Them off the Dole.

Many out-of-work ex-soldiers consider that the authorities at Wembley should this season employ more pensionless men than last year. They think that when a man has a wife and family to keep, and nothing coming in except the "dole," he should be given the preference to act as an attendant, say, over retired policemen and discharged permanent soldiers with substantial Service pensions. We commend these suggestions from unemployed and pensionless workers to the authorities.

Bobbed Jobs.

Employers who issue decrees as to how their girl workers should wear their hair are taking too much upon themselves. Girls who serve as waitresses for a firm owning cafés in Leicester must not bob, on pain of losing the job. With bobbed locks the hair in the soup is harder to find, and a job elsewhere is easier to get.

A Bad Old Bean.

There are many sharps who profess to be able to get bargains in the way of houses for people who want a home of their own, and who find it difficult to get one. We are exposing such rascals week after week, and are glad that the law has at last overtaken George Bean, of Westcliff, who robbed a local widow, Mrs. Rose Howard, of over £1,400, and who had many other victims. He has gone to jail for sixteen months.

Splendid Heroism.

When a fall of roof occurred at Bowers Allerton Colliery, James Kasher refused to flee until he saw his mate safe and thus became entombed. Working in foul air, four brothers Sparks forced a way through, and, forming themselves into a human life-line, crawled through a narrow tunnel, dragging Kasher to safety just before a further fall cut off hope. Yorkshire lads, and true blue.

A Word for the Jew.

We urge to the notice of cranks who, even to-day, want to persecute the Jew, the report of an L.C.C. committee. Dealing with Jewish children in slum areas the committee finds that they are well fed, well clothed, and in physique and intelligence superior to Christian children of the same class. Such findings are a remarkable tribute to the care of Jewish parents, and an incentive to Christian fathers and mothers.

Blinding Twins.

No more revolting story of lazy neglect has been told in court than that related at Enfield, where William Goy is serving six months and his wife a month for terrible sloth which brought misery to their five unfortunate children. One twin baby is now blind in one eye, and the other, if it lives, will be blind for life. The poor mites were in an indescribably filthy condition. Savages look after their children better.

Carving-Knife Love.

For the next twelve months, during which time he is bound over, Thomas Hennigan, a Preston blacksmith, of nineteen, will have to love less like a cave man. He hit his sweetheart twice, knocked his father down and seized a carving-knife. The lass had meanwhile departed, but Hennigan gave chase. He pleaded that he had taken the carving-knife to cut his nails. As Little Red Riding Hood said, "What long nails you have."

Tragedy of a Broken Promise.

Fed up with living at nineteen, broken-hearted Jane Arnison drowned herself in the cold waters of Lancaster canal, because Alexander Edmund Jackson, of Earl Street, after winning her affections and promising marriage, had without cause cast her off. "He was the only man I love," she wrote, "and I should have been happy with him, but he does not want me." Jackson will probably not soon forget that the coroner described him as "callous and hard-hearted."

A Handsome Action.

Our readers, we are sure, will endorse our vote of thanks to a generous gentleman, Major E. H. Geldie-Taubman, the Governor of Wormwood Scrubs Prison. An unhappy prisoner there lost his little child, and it added terribly to his anguish to think that he could not follow to the grave the little life that he had brought into the world. The Governor, hearing of the tragedy, gave the father permission to attend the funeral, which he did, and he returned like a man of his word by the first available train. There are illegalities, Lord Carson used to say, which are not crimes. We may add that sometimes they may even do honour to human nature.

Wangled Out.

The fact that a landlord who got his tenant out by pretending that he wanted to live in a house himself, and then sold it, has been made to pay £150 damages will, we hope, lead to some restraint on the part of prospective wanglers. In this case a Mrs. Walter Lowen, of Barnet, was the owner, but her husband bears the brunt in law. Actions like this cannot be too widely known.

A Sailors' Society's S.O.S.

Appeals for funds are being circulated by the National Sailors' Society (Incorporated), which, under the guiding hand of the Rev. W. Burton, charges itself with helping those who go down to the sea in ships. Long ago we criticised the methods employed by this concern in the collection of public money, and we advise our readers to save their contributions for the much more deserving and efficient institutions which adequately cover the ground upon which the N.S.S. treads in its appeals.

A Ballot Mystery.

Months ago we laid bare the inner history of the Victory Corps Motor Ballot fiasco, and demanded an enquiry into the grave circumstances connected with its missing funds. Nothing has been done. Last week, however, in his public examination in bankruptcy, Mr. L. R. F. Dawson (the late secretary of the Corps) made some serious charges against the two ladies who ran this concern, and it appears that they will be called upon to give an explanation of their conduct.

Uplifting the Masses.

The Rev. A. G. Pritchard, using the strange address (for a clergyman) of Latchmere Road Municipal Baths, who runs an extraordinarily vague movement styled "The Battersea Special Services," is appealing for funds for the "moral and spiritual uplift of the people." We do not know how many people in Battersea require "uplifting," but as he appears to confine this work to Battersea, and gives no accounts of his expenditure, we do not think people will approve of the wider range he covers in appealing for funds.

"An Amazing Woman."

In a recent issue of John Bull, there appeared an article under this heading in which the name of "Actinium Developments, Ltd." was mentioned. No imputation was made, or intended to be made, as to the bona fides of the present company, nor was there any suggestion that they were carrying on a fraudulent business.

Not the Same Man.

The Rev. A. J. Matthews, of 12, James Street, Rotherham, asks us to say that he is in no way associated with the "Rev." A. J. Matthews, superintendent of the Northern Evangelistic Mission, Aberdeen, whose methods we recently denounced. We can quite appreciate his desire to make this disclaimer.

Bait and Bonus.

The Scottish Tea Co., of 8, Forth Street, Edinburgh, has obtained orders from several Scottish housewives on the promise of a cash bonus—a bait employed by many mushroom tea firms to-day. After they have purchased the tea from a traveller for several weeks his calls upon them have ceased, and they are still looking for their bonus. We advise the Scottish Tea Co. to give this matter their attention.

An Excuse That Isn't.

We recently criticised John Blundell, Ltd., 60-62, City Road, E.C., respecting the manner in which unordered goods were thrust upon unsuspecting people by enterprising agents. Some of their travellers are now telling people, who refer them to our articles, that the reason we exposed them was because they had turned down an offer to advertise in this journal for £750. This statement is totally untrue.

The Lie Direct.

Paid agents of the Westminster Charities Committee, a fraudulent "charity" in the extreme, are again busy collecting money from the public. Mr. D. Wright, of 444, Edgware Road, W.2, who was recently approached by one of this concern's agents, promptly questioned him about our exposures. The answer was that we had privately apologised for our remarks, which is a deliberate lie. If everybody employed the same caution as Mr. Wright did in this instance, the charity cheats would soon find themselves beaten.

The "Units" Ramp.

Constantly we advise our readers not to invest money in "units" of shares of the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, offered in this country by Montanye and Co.; Hosher, Montanye and Co.; the British-American Securities, Ltd.; and the Co-operative Securities, Ltd. A message from New York now states that the Attorney-General has obtained in the Supreme Court a temporary injunction against further sales over here of these "units," and many people over here, who have been induced to purchase them, have started civil proceedings for the recovery of their money.

The Human Machine.

Think for Yourself!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

EARLIER in this series I dealt with the importance of habit formation, the importance of associating ideas with ideas, and the value of linking up ideas and impressions.

But the reverse side of this process is an equally important mental function. The human brain, unlike the animal brain, has a tremendous power of analysis.

It is this power of analysis, separating things into their parts, that is the basis of our capacity to reason. If we could not analyse we could not think out the solutions of the problems that confront us.

It often seems to me that the most difficult thing for the average human being to do is to think—not even to think correctly or to think logically, but just to think.

We have all got brains; far too few of us bother to use them effectively.

To think effectively means ultimately to think in terms of cause and effect, and to refuse to be led aside by anything except solid fact.

Vague impressions, vague "opinions," hazy ideas are all the marks of the mental sluggard. The thinking man is always busy analysing these vague ideas into their proper proportions.

EQUALLY, a man with real powers of thought can think dispassionately, coldly, and without the prejudice of emotion. If you cannot do this, or cannot argue—which is only thinking aloud—without getting heated, you cannot really think.

Practise this power of cool analysis. Take some political speeches, for instance. Sit down and find out what the speakers really said—as distinct from what they appeared to say.

But, bear in mind that no one can think well unless he has a well-stored brain.

Knowledge is power all the time. Read widely.

THUGS OF THE RACECOURSE

BITTER WARFARE BETWEEN RIVAL SECTIONS

Investigations Police Must Make

THE flat-racing season is just beginning, and there can be no doubt that during the course of it this year we are going to see a recrudescence of the worst form of ruffianism that has recently disgraced the turf in this country.

It is well known that gangs of rascals, highly organised, have divided up the racecourses of England, North and South, so that each gang may enjoy the privilege of unlimited and unrestricted plunder in its own agreed area. The history of the struggle which led to this delimitation of territory is a blood stained record of brutality and crime.

The Birmingham gang rules the North of England, and hitherto the notorious Sabini gang has ruled the South of England, but this latter gang is not to be allowed to rule the roost without a struggle. There are two other gangs competing for supremacy and plunder—the Epsom gang and the Aldgate gang.

Every year the Sabini gang improves the efficiency of its organisation and the audacity of its exploits. For a long time it did very well in peddling lists to bookmakers. But the expenses of an organised gang are very heavy, and it became necessary to add new devices for extorting money from the turf.

Two Richmonds in the field

A plan was hit upon of selling information to bookmakers—it is called the dot-and-dash system—which was supposed to give to them secret information gathered from stables and from owners, information that would indicate which horse was likely to start favourite, any horse that was regarded by the heads as a certainty, and any horse that might be betted against safely because it had no chance A fee is charged for this information, and bookmakers who refuse to pay it find their lives made unbearable.

As we say, the Sabini gang is not to be allowed to collect all the plunder. The Aldgate gang wants its share of the swag, and the fight for easy money is going to develop this summer into a battle royal.

Already there have been one or two preliminary skirmishes. Not long ago a well-known bookmaker was attacked in the East End of London by several men and practically left for dead. It is not enough for him to have a shrewd or even an accurate idea as to who attacked him. The law requires witnesses, and the gangs are organised to prevent witnesses from giving evidence. There was no conviction.

A notorious member of the Sabini gang was attacked in a West End night club. The attack was apparently so planned that an arrest was to be allowed to follow, so that the whole story could come out. That idea was frustrated. The injured man was bandaged up and carried home and there magnanimously declined to complain.

Astounding records of criminality

In a recent case where a man was killed, one of the witnesses attempted to commit suicide. Since the case was over, he has been a victim of a shocking and murderous assault. He was attacked from behind with some heavy weapon, supposed by the police to be a hammer, but it was impossible to obtain evidence, and here again no conviction has followed.

A South London bookmaker was also recently set upon, savagely assaulted, with the usual sequel of no prosecution.

These, as we say, are preliminary skirmishes. They are really vendettas quite as savage as those which disgraced Corsica over a hundred years ago. Both sides are now swearing vengeance, and marking down the men upon whom it is proposed to wreak such vengeance as would terrify any others who venture to dispute the authority of the overlords.

In addition to selling lists and tips to bookmakers, there are some other rascals with very bad criminal records who devote themselves to blackmail, to extorting money from bookmakers which is not due, and in some cases, where low-class bookmakers stand in with the thugs, to intimidating backers into abandoning their just claims.

The situation has become so serious that many bookmakers have met together in order to organise a movement to request proper protection from the Jockey Club and from the police.

The police know by sight a great many of these ruffians, and know their records, but so far it does not appear to have been thought necessary to exclude them from racecourses. In the public interest, as well as in the interest of the sport of kings, we think it is high time that this was done.

These organisations must be controlled, or they will give such an example to people who find law and order irksome that we may be involved in a very serious struggle indeed to preserve the public security and the King's peace.

Nor is it only in connection with racecourses that organised activities endeavour to get outside the law. For one thing, when evildoers are caught and sent to jail, their wives and children are maintained at the expense of what are called the "Party Funds."

Some of these funds are raised by rascals who frequent night clubs and gambling dens and "borrow" money from people who have got into difficulties and want as little known about it as possible.

What must be done

If these treacherous organisations are not controlled, they will extend another part of their system which provides for protection for confidence tricksters and others who will pay for it. There is also an association between people of this kind and some notorious bookmakers in the West End who make a good deal of money by receiving stolen property.

It is not enough for the police to drop these cases of violence when they find that they cannot get the evidence they require. They must go further. They must make investigations into the whole organisation of crime and plunder, and take, at any cost, whatever drastic action is required to round up this gang and protect the public.

Dreaming the Winners Home

A Publisher's Punting Precept

A GENTLEMAN called N. A. Fadipe, who describes himself as a "Self-Help Publisher," and who lives at 147, Victoria Park Road, London, E.9, is an enterprising person.

We do not quite know what a Self-Help Publisher is, though in this case we suspect it to be a publisher who helps himself to the money of the people who listen to his appeals.

He is much concerned about the unhappy fate of those who go in for football competitions and who do not get the prizes that they seek—perhaps because the crack goal-scorer is left out of the side at the last moment, or perhaps because the side that should have won play a man short for the greater part of the time.

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A football competitor cannot, of course, anticipate these things, but Mr. Fadipe knows of a way in which he can. All you have got to do is to dream the result and to dream the right result. When you have done that, you help yourself. In fact, you become a self-help merchant too.

But how are you to learn the trick of dreaming the results, and especially of dreaming the right results? That is where Mr. Fadipe comes in.

Mr. Fadipe has found out all about dreams in the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses, which were printed over 400 years ago, and about which nobody seems to know anything, except Mr. Fadipe and perhaps a few learned and long-bearded gentlemen in the British Museum, who probably do not care a tinker's dam about football results.

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But this book—if you know how to read it—gives you the formulæ for arranging your dreams on a thoroughly business-like basis and getting exactly what you want. Mr. Fadipe quotes from the Bible (Job xxxiii. 15): "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instructions."

Mr. Fadipe spells the "he" in this sentence with a small "h." It is usually spelled with a capital "H," but we admire the modesty of Mr. Fadipe, who is apparently unwilling to go so far as to suggest that the Almighty is his colleague or assistant in spotting football winners.

In any case, the Self-Help Publisher will send you the two-dream formulæ as they appeared in the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses if you will send him a postal order for 2s. Not only do you get the formulæ for the 2s., but there is another important matter, as both formulæ impose the rather irksome condition of strict fasting every time a dream is desired.

In this way you make money, as it were, with both hands, for while by fasting you save the cost of your dinner, by dreaming successfully you get your winter's keep!

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There is another drawback. Sometimes purchasers find themselves unsuitable as media. Then they have to make more or less extensive experiments among friends or members of the family before hitting upon an ideal medium.

A lot of money could be saved in this way, because you can starve the obedient members of your family, in the purifying and ennobling interval of waiting for the dreams to come along.

One need only pause to ask one question about this matter.

Why, if Mr. Fadipe or Mr. Faddist knows how to work these dreams to spot winners, does he not spot them for himself?

A Universal Provider

Houses, Wives and Songs

IF there is any class in the community which deserves sympathy, it is certainly those unhappy people who are suffering from the housing shortage, which statesmen talk so much about and do so little to remedy.

Unhappily, there are a number of sharks going about, who prey upon the necessities of those who are seeking proper housing accommodation.

Mrs. Botterill, of 3, Priory Street, Bromley-by-Bow, anxious to get rooms, put an advertisement on a board outside a newsagent's shop in Devon's Road, Bow.

A day or two afterwards, a gentleman called upon her and explained that he had seen her advertisement and that he had rooms to let, which he thought would suit her, at his house in Burdett Road.

Deceptive appearances

He seemed so genuine, she said, and he spoke so fair, that she agreed to pay a deposit of 5s. to him, for which he wrote a receipt on her own paper, and she arranged to go and inspect the rooms on the following morning.

When she got there, she found that the people in the house had no rooms to let, and that they knew nothing of her visitor or of her prospects of getting back her 5s. We are afraid that they are very remote.

This kind of rascal ought to carry condemnation by his methods, which one would think would impose upon nobody. But there are others quite as dangerous, and even more dangerous, because they have the appearance of having an established business.

There is, for example, Mr. George Howard, who is in business as a land, house and estate agent at 10, Chicheley Street, York Road, Westminster Bridge, and at 15, Kinver Road, Peak Hill, Sydenham. He offers to procure flats for those who need them if they will send a payment of half-a-guinea, which he undertakes to return in full if the client has not been satisfied within one month.

We recommend our readers, if they get such an offer from him, to turn it down, and for the following—as we think—very good reason: his circulars are signed "George Howard," and his signature bears an astonishing resemblance to the writing of a gentleman called "Charles Newland," who has a long string of aliases.

Too-much married

Now the similarity is increased by the fact that Charles Newland also lives at 15, Kinver Road, Sydenham. Charles Newland has himself been in the house finding line so unsuccessfully that he contrived to get three years' penal servitude for running a bogus house-agency business at Wimbledon.

He also distinguished himself by running a bogus matrimonial agency, and got another sentence of penal servitude for bigamously marrying a woman and then robbing her. Between times—or, shall we say, between doing time—he became a song-writer, and published "Farewell, dearest Erin," in which he said, "I lingered long till time bereft me." If he does not mind himself, we think that time will bereave him again of the liberty of which he makes so bad a use.

"George Howard" *is* Charles Newland—a sufficiently good reason for giving him a wide berth.

Affable Arthur

Wise After the Event

THERE is a gentleman called Arthur Gibbs, of 303, High Holborn, London, W.C., who runs a racing paper called the *Saddling Ring Gazette*, which he tells us is issued for private circulation only, and for which he is kind enough to make no charge.

Arthur appears to be an extremely affable fellow, for he sends his paper to people who are quite strangers to him

As soon as you read his gazette you discover that there is method in his madness, or rather business in his philanthropy. What he wants you to do is to send him money; in return he will send you wires that bristle with winners.

With a glad and optimistic confidence he says: "A week's wires cost 20s. and include all our Good Things. They may commence at any time"—to which we venture to add "and they may not."

"Ideals" and high deals

In any case, by the way of whetting the appetite, Mr. Gibbs devotes practically one page of his gazette to tips for three days' racing. He does not call them tips—which is, perhaps, a vulgar word—he calls them "Ideals," with the subheading "Results and Anticipations."

Now, if we take his "Ideals" for Tuesday and Wednesday of Lincoln week, we get some very remarkable results. For three races on Tuesday he gave three horses, or one for each race. Each of them won. What a nice treble bet that would have made.

Imagine going home on Tuesday bulging with the bookmaker's cash, and coming back on Wednesday to renew the battle with their money. Again, three horses were given for three races, or one for each. They all won. Nothing could be better than this.

Then came Thursday at Liverpool, and the "Ideals" roll up again. "Helter Skelter" was given for the Molyneux Stakes, "Roysterer" for the Spring Cup, and "The Monk" for the Union Jack Stakes. But, alas! for the mutabilities of change.

The winning halo fell off Mr. Arthur Gibbs' head with a thud. "Helter Skelter" did not helt or skelt—he did not even start. "The Roysterer" roysted indeed, but he could not even get a place. "The Monk" might as well have remained in his cell, for he was also down the course.

Fools and their money

How are we to account for the amazing difference between the "ideals" of Tuesday and Wednesday, and the deplorable, disappointing and dismal fiasco of Thursday? Easily enough.

The *Saddling Ring Gazette* was printed on Wednesday, as we discover from a line in the tiniest type in the imprint. And on Wednesday the results of Lincoln races were known!

What Mr. Arthur Gibbs does therefore is to give what appears to be a series of tips, call them results and anticipations, protect himself by putting in this very small type references to the date, and hope that his readers may not see through the ramp. Many people fall by this ingenious typographical arrangement, and write to us in angry and indignant tone.

It is an unpleasant thing to say, but can anybody be such a fool as to believe that a man, with an office consisting of one room on a top floor, having all this valuable information, should give it to other people, instead of keeping it for himself, and becoming one of the multi-millionaires of the turf?

A PUNCTURED BALLOT

MORE QUEST THAN TREASURE

The Peer and the General

WE here tell the inner history of the Great Treasure Quest, started a couple of years ago with a flourish of trumpets, and now a hopeless wreck on the rocks of incompetence.

The Treasure Quest was organised by the Irish Loyalists' Appeal Association, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W. The idea was to run a ballot or competition, for which £10,000 in prizes was to be distributed. The profits were to be given to the Irish Loyalists who suffered in the recent troubles in their country.

Associated with its administration were the Earl of Ranfurly, the Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Webster, Brigadier-General Prescott-Decie and I. W. Raymond, Esq.

The Treasure Quest has been a complete failure, and has not raised a single penny for the distressed Loyalists in whose name it was started. More than that, it has not even been able to pay the prizes it promised, and on the faith of which it took money from the public as entrance fees.

Spotting Errors

As an illustration of the hardship and suffering this imposes upon people who believed that a competition of this kind must be sound when backed by such important names, we tell the story of an out-of-work ex-Service man, Mr. Arthur Keeping, of 57, Astonville Street, Southfields, London.

Mr. Keeping was wounded in the War and has found great difficulty in getting employment since the Peace. He has an aged and widowed mother to support.

What one had to do was to take a sheet of paper, which was supplied to you in return for your entrance-fee, and to point out on that sheet errors in the drawings with which it was covered. In one picture, for example, you might see, amongst other figures, a constable with both gloves on, and yet carrying another glove in his hand. You had to make a mark, showing that this was an error in the drawing. There were a certain number of drawings to each sheet, and the winner was to be the person who pointed out the largest number of errors.

Mr. Keeping entered for the competition in its earliest stage. He found later that he had won a prize and, in due course, received a cheque for £237 10s., being his reward in the Sheet A competition, or first instalment of the Treasure Quest. Delighted, he at once proceeded to invest in a further series of tickets for the subsequent sheets.

Lord Ranfurly.

He took the task very seriously. He laboured over it for months, day and night. In the course of his endeavours to win one of the further prizes offered he pointed out over 10,000 errors, drawing a line against each. In order that there should be no misunderstanding, he wrote out an explanatory account of each line, with confirmatory drawings showing what should have been the correct thing in each criticised item of the pictures.

We have before us the reports he made in this connection, and we say that the labour involved in writing and in illustrating them was practically the equivalent of a full-length novel.

Breaking it gently

What was his reward? As the result of his skill, he was informed, some time later on, that he had won another prize. With the congratulations of his aged mother, to whom he had promised all sorts of presents—little gifts that would make penurious old-age smoother—he started for the office of the Treasure Quest to see the directors, who had invited him to come along. There he saw Brigadier-General Decie, the Earl of Ranfurly and Mr. Badham, the Secretary.

To his amazement and intense disappointment, General Decie told him that he had very bad news for him. As a matter of fact, he had won a prize of £600 in the further series of the Treasure Quest Competition, but, unfortunately, they had not got £600 to give him. He sat there dazed and dumbfounded.

Muddled money

All the while he listened to the voices of the peer and the general telling him how sorry they were that the whole thing had been muddled, but that the committee and some friends had themselves raised enough to pay 4s. in the £.

Other prize-winners had accepted this. Would Mr. Keeping do the same? The disappointed man scarcely knew what he was doing, but he took the cheque and there, in law, is the end of it.

But there is something more than law to be considered in this matter. There are many other prize-winners who have been deluded.

A crop of failures

What we want to know is this. When appeals were being made to the public to buy these tickets, did the committee ever at any time ask whether the prizes they promised were there? Did they enquire if any attempts had been made to provide them by insurance, or by guarantee, or by any other plan? If they did not, we say that they are guilty of negligence, which is very discreditable.

It is a crying shame that people with titles will go on lending their names to wild-cat schemes without proper investigation, although they must know that on the faith of their names plain people will invest their money and, perhaps, involve themselves in terrible hardship and loss.

The question has become urgent, not only because of the failure of this Treasure Quest, but because of the failure of a number of similar ventures which we have repeatedly criticised. Included amongst them are the Victory Corps' Great Motor Ballot, the Bungalow Ballot, and the Children's Hospitals Competition. We want to hear of no more similar fiascos.

Moriarty of Financial Rampers

Colonel's Crooked Company Campaign

WHEN the great German philosopher, Goethe, died, his last words were, "More light!" When Colonel Edmond Eaton passes away, we wonder if he will have the temerity to face the next world with a similar phrase on his tongue?

Colonel Eaton is still busy illuminating life, though this time he is doing it in the background and with the assistance of other people's co-operation.

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Many people are asking our advice about a concern called the Southern Counties Electric Light and Power Supply Company, with offices at Granville Chambers, Yelverton Road, Bournemouth. Its object apparently is to make a brighter Bournemouth, and, indeed, light up a fair proportion of the sunny South of England. The chairman of the directors is Sir Charles Soame, Bart.; the solicitor, W. Thompson, of 43, Cannon Street, London, E.C.; and the auditors, C. A. Turner & Co., 190, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

Circulars are flooding the country from this company asking the public for a matter of £40,000, so as to enable it to start upon this blessed work of throwing light upon Bournemouth and its neighbourhood. One may ask what the investors will get for their £40,000.

They will get a nice prospectus, with Sir Charles Soame's name on it, and a nice certificate by C. A. Turner & Co., which says that the estimated profit set forth in the prospectus ought to be more than justified.

The company will also get the benefit of some contracts. It will have to pay about £4,000 for preliminary expenses and, out of this, nearly £3,000 will go to the Electricity Finance Corporation, which is an alias for Colonel Eaton. It will also get the benefit of a contract to buy electricity from the Chagford and Devon Electric Light Co., which is a tuppenny-ha'penny village concern, quite unequal to lighting up the south of England, but having at least the merit of being another of Colonel Eaton's dud concerns.

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He has dozens more. He has been busy promoting shady corporations for a quarter of a century, but he has scarcely ever succeeded in getting any of them to pay any dividends to the people who put their money into them.

The only reason the inspiring name of Sir Charles Soame, Bart., graces the prospectus of the Southern Counties Electric Light and Power Supply Co., Ltd., is as a bait for unsuspecting investors. We are not surprised to find him lending his name to this latest Colonel Eaton venture, since he has been a penurious "guinea-pig" for years, and has figured in many of the notorious Eaton's shady promotions, which long ago should have engaged the attention of the authorities.

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Colonel Eaton has no rival in ramps of the kind he foists with brazen audacity upon the public, and we certainly think that the Board of Trade should hold a full investigation into his long list of mug-hunting company undertakings.

In these circumstances, we have only to say of the much-circulated Southern Counties prospectus that it is a flat-catching device that ought not to impose upon the inmate of an institution for the feeble-minded, even if he did not know what we say here—that Colonel Eaton is one of the most notorious flat-catching promoters in our current commercial life.

PARSON ON OUR BLACK LIST

AN ORDAINED HUMBUG

The Church of England Must Act

A SILVER-TONGUED gentleman, well educated and of refined appearance, attired in the garb of the Church of England, adding distinction to dignity by the wearing of a monocle, is just now calling for a little wholesome public attention.

He appears to have used many names in his time, but for the most part has passed as the Reverend H. Chapman. Sometimes, however, he is the Rev. H. E. Chapman, sometimes the Rev. H. C. Chapman, and, when he is at his best, he is the Rev. Horace Cavendish Chapman.

We cannot find this gentleman's name in any of the recent clerical directories. But we have discovered quite a lot about him from other sources, and, in the hope of saving some of our readers from falling into his clutches, we have pleasure in passing our information on to them.

A little while ago Chapman took some apartments from a lady in North London. He completely deceived her by his pious talk and sanctimonious ways, and she felt it quite an honour to have such a distinguished and God-fearing personage under her roof.

Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

The Rev. Chapman did not take up his residence there immediately. He used the address, however, for purposes of correspondence, and eventually, when he did move in, he took with him a quantity of literature belonging to a very well-known charitable society, the bona fides of which are beyond reproach.

The landlady could not get her money. But she did not press him for it at first, because she thought—especially in view of the mass of literature she saw in his rooms—that he was connected with such a respectable concern. There was no need to worry, he told her. He would shortly be receiving a lot of money due to him.

He suddenly and conveniently departed, and the poor landlady, who has been completely deluded by this imposing cleric, has very little hope of obtaining a sum in the neighbourhood of £50 due from him for board and lodging.

She came to us; and from inquiries we have made we are able to state that she is not, by far, the only woman this wolf in sheep's clothing has victimised. He is a sanctimonious old humbug, who appears to have led a life of crime almost from the time when, something like forty years ago, he was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England.

Pawned Plate and Cutlery

He imposed upon the society whose literature the landlady found in his apartments. He pretended that he was a man of substance, who could make collections for the society and further its good work by spiritual teaching, with the result that for a time he was allowed to represent it.

When the Society discovered that Chapman was misusing its notepaper for his own ends, the reverend gentleman was asked to take his earnest-minded and whole-hearted attentions elsewhere.

As a matter of fact, when the Rev. Chapman imposed upon the landlady we have mentioned, and upon the society and upon other people, too, the dust of one of His Majesty's prisons was still on his heels. We have found that in 1923 this very reverend scoundrel was sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions for larceny.

He took a furnished flat in Muswell Hill, and the very next day began pawning the plate, cutlery and bed and table-linen. When these facts were reported to the police, they were already making inquiries about this very enterprising and God-fearing gentleman, who had been fraudulently obtaining sums of money from unsuspecting people in connection with a proposed publication called "The Anglican Year Book."

Eventually he was arrested, and a number of charges were made against him, including that of obtaining money by false pretences from two gentlemen, and also one with defrauding a landlady whom he not only swindled out of 36s., paid to him in respect of an advertisement in the bogus "Anglican Year Book," but from whose house he had also departed, owing her £76 15s. for board and lodging.

But that is not all. This gracious clergyman was inhibited from the Church years ago for misconduct, it being thought that he had contracted a bigamous marriage at St. Pancras Church.

Eighteen years ago he was sentenced to three months in the second division for stealing pictures in the false name of Horace William Moorhouse. A little later on he became a guest of His Majesty for nine months for false pretences, and, some time later on still, again graced a prison cell for twelve months for obtaining food and lodging by false pretences.

About five years ago he got work as a traveller with a firm of publishers in London, and was dismissed because something like £160, which he had collected whilst canvassing orders for a book, had not been accounted for.

Proceeding Merrily Along

Then, two years ago, in the proceedings we have already described as having taken place at the Middlesex Sessions, he was sent to jail for twenty-three months for robbing landladies and obtaining money and goods by false pretences. His age got him a substantial remission, and he is now actively at his merry games again.

An unfortunate fellow, born in the worst surroundings, of parents who are both criminals, and who, therefore, has little, if any, chance of preventing himself from drifting into crime, could scarcely have a worse record than this silver-tongued gentleman, well educated and of refined appearance, attired in the garb of the Church of England, who trades upon the reputation of the clergy, and who besmirches and dishonours the sacred name of religion.

Woolworth's Costume Customs

A Plea for the Shop Girl

SOME time ago an eminent writer in these columns made a biting attack on Woolworth and Company, the American multiple bazaar firm, following the revelation in a police court that some girls were paid 12s. 6d. for a forty-hour week.

Fully alive to the serious effect which such publicity is likely to have, Woolworth's had a fit of generosity, and raised their wage rates 10s. a week all round, with the princely figure of 30s. for some of the older employees who must have been there for eight years.

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Naturally, the management felt excused, on these terms, from handing out life contracts to the girls in black, and also reserved the customary right of dismissal. When, at their Newcastle-on-Tyne branch, they had a "reduction of staff," it was noticed that the higher the wages the more precarious the tenure, until thirty out of thirty-six girls who had come dangerously near to receiving half the figure which renders one liable for income-tax, had vanished, their places being taken by fresh blood at £1 a week.

A system of payment for uniforms is also in force. Customers of Woolworth's may have noticed, when they have been house furnishing at 6d. a piece, the exquisite Parisian lines of the confections worn by the pampered creatures who hand out the nutmeg-graters and the moustache-cups.

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How is it done? A report recently submitted to the Edinburgh Trades' Council sheds some light on the matter. The girls at the Leith Walk branch, it seems, out of the superfluity of their wage receipts, pay 21s. each to Paquin, or whatever is the name of Woolworth's dress-designer, in return for which they have the satisfaction of being adorned, not only as well, but in exactly the same fashion as all the other girls.

Naturally, the costume is not their own property. If they leave or are dismissed within six weeks, they are refunded half the money—to wit, 10s. 6d.—although if they have enjoyed the blessings of employment in this distinguished house for a longer period, the amount is reduced proportionately. There is also a small charge of 3s. 9d. for cleaning the uniform.

"Changes in the staff" being frequent, it is not unlikely that twelve girls leave and are replaced every six weeks in some of the larger branches. The total wages of the new girls at, say, 22/6, is £81, with twelve guineas deducted, making £68 8s. If they are given uniforms left by girls of six weeks' service, and cleaned so as to look like new ones, there is a saving to the firm of six guineas, or the total wages of one girl for the period.

Woolworth's do not stand out in twin fellowship with J. Lyons and Co. in their fight for the great principle of instilling independence into the working girl by making her pay for her own clothes. There are others.

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Dickens and Jones, the famous Regent Street drapery house, who dabble in the restaurant business on the top floor, require a sum of £1 from each waitress employed and a weekly payment of 2s. 6d. for "uniform and laundry." Wages look low on paper—15s. a week for a 9½-hour day, and 10s. for a 7½ hour day, but consider the percentages, not to mention the tips.

Women out shopping, who nip upstairs for a cup of tea to nerve them for further bargain hunting, are notorious for the way they scatter the gratuities around. You can hardly see the tablecloth for tuppences.

A Callous Council

Red-Tape Torture

THE London County Council have many things to their credit in ameliorating, on the social side, the conditions of the working man. If their treatment of Mr. J. Wilmot, an electrician of 42, Coverton Road, Tooting, S.W., is to be taken as typical of their attitude towards working men in their employment, it is time they took a leaf out of their own book.

Mr. Wilmot was employed as a crane-driver on a transporter at the L.C.C. generating-station at Blackwall Point. This is one of the most exposed parts of the river, and in the severe gale of October last, the whole transporter, weighing 100 tons, was blown down, Wilmot being thrown into the water.

Spotting Malingerers

He was rescued in an unconscious state, and taken to Greenwich Hospital, being later transferred to St. Giles' Infirmary, Wandsworth. Owing to lack of beds, he was discharged on November 14, remaining under the treatment of his panel doctor.

A month later, he came under the observation of Sir John Collie, medical examiner to the L.C.C., who, during a long career in the public service, has made a special feature of spotting malingerers and others who might get a few pounds more than their due out of wealthy and influential bodies from whom compensation is extracted.

Three of Sir John's literary efforts—"Fraud and its Detection in Accident Insurance Claims," "The Psychology of the Fraudulent Mind," and "Malingering," are a fair indication of his mental bias.

He did not agree with the professional opinion of Wilmot's panel doctor that he was unfitted to resume work, and on December 22, the electrician, weak and dizzy, found himself back at his post.

It might have been thought that a change to some ground position would have suited him better than to work in the full blast of the east wind, 35 ft. in the air, especially in view of his terrible experience a short time previously. The L.C.C. deemed otherwise, with the result that Wilmot had to be taken away on the point of collapse.

In January, he went to a convalescent home at Littlehampton, but, after the first week, his compensation was stopped by the Council on the grounds that they "could not accept a slip signed by him while he was at Littlehampton." Presumably, if he had been taking the air in Newington Butts or Kennington, it would have made all the difference.

Pressure from the Electrical Trades' Union solicitor extracted the two weeks' payments, but that did not end the red-tape torture to which Mr. Wilmot and his wife were subjected.

A Great Award

Sir John Collie sent him to the Maudsley Mental Hospital. He had not been long there, when Mrs. Wilmot received a visit from an official who, after inquiring concerning almost everything connected with her domestic affairs, assessed her at 9s. a week towards her husband's maintenance.

As her compensation amounted to 30s. per week, and as she had not more than one delicate daughter and one son unemployed, it is surprising that they did not dock the lot. However, the Union did not take that view, and Mr. Wilmot, as a result of further pressure is now able to enjoy his recovery from an attack of pneumonia in the knowledge that his wife is not paying for his attention.

An Unlovely Garden

Cesspools of Kent

ACROSS the marshes at Lower Belvedere is a row of cottages, each "sheltering" two families. Under conditions which would disgrace a primitive native kraal, women bear children and rear them in an atmosphere putrid and poisonous.

Refuse from the cesspool repeatedly overflows. Sometimes this pool of disease finds its way into the kitchen. In the backyard is a little poultry-run with ducks drinking from the flowing muck.

The refuse in the bins had been accumulating for weeks. They have to be emptied outside the doors into a rubbish heap or else on to the marshes.

The husband in one case works all day trying to keep the wolf from the door, and when he comes home for food and rest he spends his time trying to shut out fever.

Who is responsible? It seems that the Erith Urban District Council has almost forgotten the existence of these people across the marshes at Lower Belvedere. They call once or twice a year to collect the refuse. Sometimes they don't call at all!

Appeals to them to save the people from this appallingly dangerous state are either ignored or merely acknowledged in the usual formal manner. The result is that children have fallen ill and mothers have been driven to distraction.

Forgotten by the Council

For more than twenty years so-called gypsies have been settling on the Belvedere marshes until to-day from the railway station, half-way up to Abbey Wood, the marshes over-run with their caravans. Some of the newcomers belong to an entirely different category. They are, in the words of the police, "dangerous scum." They fight with razors and knives. They drink to excess and they are "a general nuisance."

They certainly are a law unto themselves. The sanitary authorities, the inspectors, the police, are all powerless. If they cut each other's throats, they won't give each other away. They confounded the sanitary inspectors by showing that the water they drink (they dig their own wells) is even purer than the water which is supplied through the supervised channels!

The only way to get them is to get the R.S.P.C.C. to take the matter up. They swear that there are only three per family in each caravan, but five and six children of both sexes live in one tiny room.

Incubators of crime

Some of the caravans look very neat and comfortable—far more decent than those awful cottages on the other side of the marshes. Rugged-looking, dirty children, scores of them, play about wildly on the mud-laden marshes.

This spot is a breeding ground for criminals and, worse still, a definite soil for disease, for although these gypsies may be able to get pure water from their natural wells, there are no other means of living in a proper sanitary state.

The situation is causing the gravest concern to the authorities and the inhabitants, but the best and fairest way of dealing with this amazing problem is to build huts for them and make them pay their way and live according to the generally accepted rules of the community.

DOCTORS TESTING CURE

STAYING THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

Public and Profession Support New Discovery

IN every quarter of the world intense interest has been aroused by the announcement made in recent issues of John Bull of the claims by a group of London doctors to have discovered a cure for consumption. America has at once made an offer for this new treatment; it has been established in certain German State hospitals; overtures have already been made from an influential quarter in South Africa, and French medical men are expressing a desire to use it.

As fully qualified medical men, the doctors preferred to approach their own professional organisation in the first place.

As announced last week, we, on behalf of the discoverer, offered the formulæ to the General Medical Council, and from the Registrar to the Council we have received the following reply:—"The proposal you make is one which has not come within the statutory functions of the General Medical Council. The President is therefore not in a position to accept it on the Council's behalf."

Ministry of Health sympathetic

It now remains to place the matter in the hands of the Ministry of Health. Previous overtures to the Ministry in this connection have been sympathetically received.

Arrangements are now being made between representatives of the doctors and officials of the Ministry of Health, to submit the cure to the Ministry for test.

Already over a hundred of the worst cases of tuberculosis in London have been tested for nearly eighteen months, and doctors record 95 per cent. cures. One man whom we saw last week had been sent home from a sanatorium to die. He has regained much of his lost health, has put on flesh, is able to go to work, and his only trouble now is to find a job!

In past issues we have published the full reports of about twenty similar cases. But they only constitute a microscopical fraction of the total number of sufferers to whom the treatment is denied as a result of official inaction.

And yet it must be understood that individually the medical profession does not hesitate to use the treatment. Well over a hundred doctors, in various parts of the country, are now treating their tubercular patients with it; some of the chief sanatoria use it, and arrangements are now being made in order to supply the London Hospitals with the medicament.

We have been approached by doctors who are anxious to treat themselves or their own relatives with it. As in no circumstances whatever will we divulge the names of any doctor or patient (unless they expressly desire it) who is taking advantage of the treatment, we cannot tell all the dramatic and yet tragic stories that are now filed away in the archives of this office. One alone must suffice for the present.

The Duchess of Atholl, who is a patroness of Medical Research.

Writing from the North of England, a fully qualified medical practitioner says: "I am in the unhappy position of having a young wife, aged twenty-six, suffering from tuberculosis of the larynx and upper lobes of both lungs. She is becoming rapidly worse in spite of medicaments and injections which I have used for several months. I can command the best medical skill, and have done so to no avail. My wife and I would beg the favour of being put in touch with the doctors using the new treatment. Even with my poor young wife in such a weak state I have no wish to be asking a favour which cannot be given the general public, but as a medical man I feel that my wife's case would supply a severe clinical test for this treatment, which would be a step towards its application to the public welfare. It is, indeed, a tragic business to sit by and watch the progress of this dread disease, but for a medical man the torture is greater than ever."

We are glad to state that no time was lost in placing this doctor in a position to have his own wife treated. But it must be clearly stated that in no circumstances whatever is the medicament supplied to any but fully qualified members of the medical profession. On receipt of a letter from a doctor, containing his qualifications, he is afforded an opportunity of using the treatment.

Powerful influences at work

Since our last article thousands of sufferers have written expressing a desire to be treated. Only those who send the name and address of their own doctor can receive attention. This can be expedited if a note is enclosed from the doctor expressing his readiness to treat the patient with the preparation. Where this is absent the doctor is communicated with, and if he desires, a supply of the medicament is forwarded.

Readers who desire to be treated must write to this office, marking the envelope "Medical." They must send either a letter from their doctor or his name; stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed for a reply.

It is proposed to appoint a fully qualified man in each of the large centres who is prepared to devote himself to tuberculosis cases. Medical men who are interested in this should write to this office at once setting forth their qualifications.

Meanwhile, very powerful influences are at work to bring about official recognition of the treatment so that it can be more readily obtained by members of the profession. Many highly placed and titled ladies and gentlemen have come forward with offers of assistance, financial, clerical, entertaining, etc., so that the movement can go along more easily. Lady Hardinge and Lady May Ponsonby are to the fore in this respect, the former being particularly interested in building up the physique of the patients by correct feeding.

Horses Battered to Death

Gnawing Empty Racks and Mangers

WE are constantly receiving letters from our readers asking us to throw more light on the dreadful traffic in old and worn-out horses, which still continues from this country. There is only one way to deal with this traffic. Apparently appeals to those who are engaged in it are useless, and what is needed is an extension of the Protection of Animals Act (1911).

We ought to take our stand on the theory that no Englishman has a right to send the horse that has served him well out of this country to be battered to death in a foreign land, where public opinion is even less efficient to protect.

• • •

The horrors of this dreadful traffic beggar description. In France and Belgium the methods of slaughter employed are often so elementary that it is not too much to say that the unfortunate animals are not killed but tortured to death, and this terrible experience comes to them after they have made a dreadful journey from England.

In spite of the vigilance of the authorities, it constantly happens that lame and suffering horses are driven aboard the boat and many of them die through the hardships of the voyage, which they are little fitted to withstand after they have been judged too worn out to work.

At a slaughter-house in France, a recent observer found that it took twenty blows to kill an old and decrepit horse, while the unfortunate creature, half maddened with pain and terror, had to go through ten minutes of agony before death mercifully came to its release.

• • •

It frequently happens, too, that these animals are shockingly neglected in transit between England and the place where they are to be killed for food. Recently it was found that some worn-out horses, arriving in Paris from England, had been two days on the journey.

They were short of food and water and, in their hunger, they were gnawing the empty racks and mangers. Surely, if the people who part with their old servants knew the fate that was in store for them, they would refuse to be parties to a traffic so appalling!

There is another form of cruelty to animals that must also be vigilantly supervised. There are German firms selling in this country various devices for tying up dogs so that they will be entirely immobile while being operated upon alive, and sometimes without anæsthetics, at the will and whim of the vivisector.

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Again, it is high time that something were done to improve the methods of slaughtering cattle for food in this country. In Australia this necessary work is done in public abattoirs, and cattle are slaughtered with humane killers instead of with the poleaxe or the hammer.

Our antiquated slaughter-houses ought to be abolished in the interests not only of the dumb, driven cattle, but even of the butchers themselves. Animals killed in an agony of fear give us what the trade calls "fevered meat." That such a thing should be possible is an abomination, and we call upon members of Parliament to deal with it promptly and effectively by supporting a Bill to be shortly introduced to prevent the exploitation of poor, helpless and suffering dumb animals.

The Sentence of the Court

RAIDED & ROBBED

Civilian Victims Victimised
by HARRISON OWEN

WEARING the latest and most fantastic thing in "gent.'s headwear" and a row of medals to commemorate his numerous defeats, Winstunt Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, described as "a terminological inexactitude" the allegation that he had "defrauded civilian sufferers from war damage."

* * *

"This matter," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "affects 250,000 British subjects, and the history of their disgraceful victimisation dates back to 1916, when a Royal Proclamation was issued which stated: 'We strictly command and enjoin our subjects . . . who have claims against enemy Governments forthwith to make returns of their claims.' Trusting air-raid victims sent in their claims and waited. At last came the Treaty of Versailles. Germany undertook to pay for all damage done to the civilian population and these payments were made a first charge upon reparations. The claimants thought that now all would be plain sailing, but they were quickly to discover that it was to be plain scaling.

"RED tape entanglements were erected, circumlocution was elevated to a fine art, and legitimate claims were whittled down or rejected. Numerous cases could be quoted, but I shall mention only one. A North London workman, as the result of an air raid, was totally paralysed and, his claim having been duly admitted, he was awarded the munificent sum of £6 in final settlement! What renders the position worse is that it is British officialdom that is acting the part of fraudulent debtor, for the Government has recovered over £36,000,000 from Germany, but refuses to hand the money over to these unfortunate civilian sufferers who, in accordance with the Treaty and numerous Ministerial promises, should be the first to receive it."

* * *

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that Mr. Churchill's position was perfectly clear. The State had not accepted the principle of paying for individual damage suffered at enemy hands. True, Mr. Churchill was a member of the Government which had promised to "make Germany pay," but he (counsel) was not aware that his client had given any pledge as to who was to benefit by such payments. In any case, a politician was entitled to change his mind every time he changed his Party, and to be worried about these trivial matters when he was engaged on vast problems of finance was enough to make even Winston Church-ill.

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"Despite 'Hundue' delays in connection with reparations," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "making Germany pay appears to be easier than making the Chancellor of the Exchequer pay over the money he has received. Many people who suffered from air-raids and bombardments are now living in actual poverty. When the prisoner says that the State cannot accept the principle of paying for individual losses he is talking through one of his numerous hats.

* * *

"If £6 is considered adequate compensation for a man who has lost his livelihood, about half this amount should be sufficient for one who has lost a few election campaigns, his sense of justice, and the confidence of deluded war victims. I therefore direct that compensation for prisoner's future Ministerial services be fixed at £3 per annum."

Not for Publication

A BUDGET SECRET

Winston's Confession to a Friend
by "CENSOR"

THE Prime Minister is in a quandary over the unemployment question. Unofficially, he has asked for confidential reports from all sorts of people. Nearly every member of the Cabinet has submitted a personal statement.

Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer has snatched an hour or two from his departmental labours to vent his views. But the solution seems as far off as ever.

At a recent meeting in Downing Street it was suggested that the problem should be treated as an imperial one. I wonder what the colonies will say? Anyhow, they are going to have a chance to say something soon, because the announcement of General Hertzog's Government that the present preference enjoyed by British importers is going to be cut has put the wind up the Colonial Office.

THE cables are very busy between London and Cape Town just now; and, between ourselves, the arrival of a certain important permanent official at the Cape is being treated in Government circles as of greater moment than the Prince's arrival.

There has been a remarkable lull in the usually stormy atmosphere at Westminster lately. The moderates and extremists of each Party have been lunching or dining with one another, and even the explosive Kirkwood has been chatting quite amicably with the tranquil Clynes.

THE reason for this brotherliness among the Labourites is due to the I.L.P.'s suggestions to reform Parliament, which will be discussed at Easter. The extremists have experienced great difficulty in winning over the moderates—because, of course, the latter have held Cabinet jobs.

The proposals would render Parliamentary government even more ineffective than it is—Labour having come to the conclusion that a spoke in the wheel is better than a spokesman on the Front Bench.

Ramsay and the rest will, however, support the proposals for two reasons—(1) for the sake of peace and concord, and (2) because they won't have an earthly chance of taking effect!

BUT why should the Diehards and Moderates on the Conservative side be drinking one another's healths so deeply of late? Simply because the former whispered to Baldwin that if he indulged in another "climb down" to the unions there'd be trouble.

So the pact-makers of the Party have got busy, and there are some interesting tête-à-tête meals taking place in the Commons just now.

* * *

As I write, though, another little misunderstanding has cropped up over this leakage of information in connection with the £30,000,000 Conversion Loan. The Diehards are furious and have demanded a personal (and private) explanation from Winston; they are particularly incensed because several of the Clydesiders have openly expressed their belief that the leakage was only a little larger *than usual*, and so far the Chancellor has not denied it.

His position becomes increasingly difficult. Every minute of his time is spent in reading appeals from the overtaxed and in reconciling the divergent views of the financial experts.

The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald.

Years ago he described the death duties as "a scandal"; but when asked by a friend recently whether he was going to reduce them, he exclaimed: "I wish to God I could. When I planned the Budget they were first in my mind for reduction; now they are last on the paper."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

How'e'er lukewarm on Lords' Reform
May be the average Tory,
He's felt for long there's something wrong
About the "Upper Storey."

"You raised the rate, and on that date
The price of "homes" rose with it."
"It wasn't me!" says Winston C.
"'Twas J'at Finance that did it!"

This sort of stuff's not good enough,
All "listeners-in" declare it;
They'd be content with what was sent
If they could "grin and bear it."

"Land can't be got? Well, maybe not
But I don't care a rap;
It's L.S.D. that counts with me
And you're not on the map!"

Modern Dens of Thieves

EASTER Day dawns with its renewed promise of a life above that which we now know. Those things that are of the earth earthy must have their night of death to be followed by the morning of re-created life—of that real joy and peace which alone can satisfy the inmost cravings of the human heart

by The Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY ("Woodbine Willie")

"MY house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." It is one of the world's great pictures, word-painted to perfection in the Gospel page—this picture of the Christ with eyes that blaze like fire and the scourge of knotted cord in His hands, driving the mob of cheating Jews out of the Temple courts.

He cut their conscience deeper than he cut their backs. It is moral force that makes a crowd scatter before a single man. They could not face the judgment in His eyes, and ran like frightened rabbits from the justice of an honest soul. He was wrath, not only for the moral ruin in God's temple, but for that of which it was a symptom and the sign, the moral wreckage of God's world.

If there is corruption in the Churches there is always worse corruption in the world, and the root of all corruption is when men take to thieving instead of prayer. As a matter of necessity the world must be either one or the other, either a den of thieves or else a house of prayer. That is inevitable, as inevitable as the falling of an apple to the earth.

Men or beasts?

It is inevitable because the desires of men are infinite and insatiable. Man is the infinite animal. The more he has, the more he wants.

The man who was asked what he would do if he had as much beer as he liked and answered, "There is not as much," spoke more truly than he knew. Even the longest river winds somewhere safe to sea, and even the deepest drinker lays the tankard down at last, and lays it down with a raging thirst more awful and tyrannical than the thirst with which he began; so with every other sensual pleasure of the world.

The desire of an animal is a mild and gentle thing compared with the desire of a man. Animals eat to live; they do not live to eat. But men seek to satisfy the infinite hunger of their souls with food, and so the primitive picnic evolves into a modern fashionable restaurant.

This is a luxury demand and is therefore insatiable. I found that as a footnote in an economic text-book, and it came back to me with great force when I went the other day into one of the regular West End pig-sties to watch the animals feed.

I was fain to fill my belly with the husks that the swine did eat, but it nearly turned me sick. It was very refined, nothing gross about it, beautiful cooking and every imaginable kind of drink, and a host of able-bodied waiters with all the proper display of servility, for which their patrons duly pay.

Tragedies of the empty stomach

There was gin and bitters, sherry, champagne, port wine, and "Waiter, this is not quite done as I like it. Would you get me another one?" The bill for a comparatively simple lunch would be eighteen bob for two, and a collier earns £2 10s. a week. "Ye have made it a den of thieves."

Hate them? No, I didn't hate them. I find it very hard to blame a man with an empty stomach who steals a loaf of bread, and I find it equally hard to curse a man who has an empty soul and seeks to fill it through his stomach. It must be perfectly awful to be like that, as starving and as stupid as that, to have a raging hunger for real life and seek it with your nose in a trough—the infinite pig with an awful hunger gnawing his inside.

It is not only London; you can see them anywhere you like.

There are specimens on show in Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Newcastle, Leeds, etc., and you can always get some filthy slum within a penny car ride just to make the picture all complete. It is only lack of imagination that makes us fail to see the strong pigs pushing the weak ones away to get the first chance at the swill. The trough is still a trough, even though it is decorated with flowers; and music may charm, but it does not change the nature of a beast.

That hunger for love

Outside and inside too for the matter of that there passes always to and fro the procession of prostitutes; for men are always seeking love in lust, seeking the infinite in the finite. They are hungry for love. The most brutal man alive is hungry for it; for, however brutal he be, he cannot be just a brute. He must be either better or worse.

Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

Men rage for life within and are never satisfied. The streets are full of people who look into one another's faces with the eyes of vampires and thieves, asking always, "What can I get out of you? I must have life, more life, something that starts and stings and burns, something to make me feel. I wonder can I get it out of you?" For, again, "Ye have made it a den of thieves."

Dividing the spoils

They fall out among themselves about the swag and set in motion all the machinery of British justice to divide it between them, while other thieves crowd round to watch. Learned lawyers are paid fabulous fees for the use of their great intellects to prove conclusively that one abandoned liar is a more abandoned liar than another, and one lost soul more completely lost than her sister.

Apparently they lived this life even when men were dying like flies and pouring out blood like water for the glory of the British Empire and to save civilisation from destruction. Even the consciousness of that awful sacrifice did not make them pause.

Indeed, these terrific outbursts of bloodshed, when we turned God's world into a shambles, are all part and parcel of the same infinite beastliness. Man's lust of power is insatiable like his lust of love. The struggles of the jungle are mild and tepid things compared with human war. Nature may be red in tooth and claw, but we know a game worth two of them.

We wield weapons that make teeth and claws look like children's toys. We tear the flesh of our enemies from fifteen miles away and send women and children to death by torture from seven thousand feet above them in the sky; and we are proud of our weapons. They add to our "prestige;" with them we vindicate our honour and maintain our liberty.

Heaven knows what all that means, but of such stuff is international politics composed, and such is the dignity of great Powers—rather like the dignity of puppy dogs proud of the mischief they can do.

But, after all, raging at it is no good, save that it makes us see things as they really are and seek the reason of and remedy for it all. It is all inevitable, so long as men seek to satisfy an infinite demand with a finite supply, and that is what our materialist civilisation is by its very nature trying to do.

There is within us a raging hunger for the infinite and eternal; and so we must for ever turn the world into a den of thieves, unless we make it a house of prayer and so enter into communion with the infinite.

Gluttony, luxury, drink, women and lust of power—they are all efforts to do the impossible and satisfy hungry human souls with sop.

Man must have God. Parsons did not invent Him. Churches cannot contain him. He made us for Himself and our hearts are restless until they rest at last in Him. Men must either pray to God or prey upon their neighbours, because they are whipped by an infinite desire.

Heroines of the law courts

Up to a point we can repress it and drive it under ground into the hidden depths of our unconscious mind, but if we do that, there is still the devil to pay and it comes out in base, unlovely forms—queer jealousies, small and secret sensualities, callous little cruelties and piteous petty vanities are the common symptoms of a sham and tortured respectability.

We are not all like the heroes and heroines of the law courts, for the infinite desire finds more than one way out. But even dull, respectable people are neither as dull nor as respectable as they look, and a frank revelation of their hopes and fears would make queer reading and would put a very different colour on to life.

Homes are turned into hells, because husband and wife face up to each other with hands held out like the hands of Judas, the prince of thieves, who sold his Saviour for a song, saying always, "What will you give me? What can I get out of you."

Parents live on their children, not for them, use them as means to satisfy their vanity and sooth their raging discontent, until the thief comes out in them and they run off to steal from someone else. We make them all just dens of thieves.

Homes, factories, cities, nations, everywhere men stand face to face with the crooked hands, crying, "What will you give me?"

Death-defying vitality

The main message of Easter Day is not merely that I am going to survive death, but that there is to be had by those who seek it life above that of the senses, a spiritual joy and peace that can really satisfy the infinite raging hunger of our souls and give to us a vitality to defy death, the inner certainty that it is not the end, that God has more to give than He has ever given yet, that He keeps the good wine to the last.

It is a message not of an endless life like this one, which would be a ghastly prospect, but of more life, higher in quality, more vivid, more real and infinitely satisfying to the infinite hunger of man's heart.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,—The announcement of Mr. Bridgeman that "proposals for new naval constructions will be taken later" is a sinister comment upon your pretended Budget "economies." I warn you that the British public is in no temper to stand this sort of juggling with finance. Past experience has proved the ruin that can be brought about by stage managing vast "Supplementary" Estimates, and your duty is to put an end once and for all to such base betrayals of public confidence. The matter is in your hands. If you say "No!" there will be no "Supplementary Estimates." If these are ever presented, you, and you alone, must bear the blame.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Earl of BIRKENHEAD, Secretary of State for India.

MY LORD,—People who know you as the wielder of an iron hand may not suspect you of a partiality for the velvet glove. But you are certainly right in speaking in a conciliatory fashion to Mr. Das, the Indian agitator, who has repudiated violent methods, and in inviting him to co-operate in making a new loyal and prosperous India. If you succeed in getting men of good will on all sides in Indian affairs to work together in fellowship and amity, you will have won one of the best of the glittering prizes of public life.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

SIR,—An unemployed Blackburn ratepayer, serving on a coroner's jury, got the customary shilling fee. His unemployment benefit was reduced three shillings, on the ground that in earning this shilling he had found "occupation" within the meaning of the Act. This is obvious nonsense, for it pays Peter by robbing Paul, and compels Peter to accept the inequitable arrangement. Break the red tape and get your Department in this matter to interpret regulations in the light of common-sense. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. E. K. L. WOOD, Minister of Agriculture.

SIR,—Stick to your guns in the battle for the cash-on-delivery system, that will enable farmers and small producers to send their goods direct to the consumers, without fear of making bad debts or need to pay middlemen. When a business proposition shows clear and demonstrable advantage for buyer and seller, it ought to be encouraged. Better business is not a mere selling slogan; it is a national necessity. JOHN BULL.

To H. T. MACDONALD, Esq., London County Council.

SIR,—Your scathing indictment of housing conditions in East London must have been read throughout the country with a shock of surprise. Ninety per cent. of houses in the borough of Bethnal Green condemned as unfit for human habitation, and many instances of families of ten and eleven persons of all ages and both sexes living in one room! Yet large sums of money voted by the London County Council for slum clearance remain unused. It is an atrocious blot on our civilisation. JOHN BULL.

To Sir BEDDOE REES, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—During the long mining history of this country no calamity has more strongly aroused the nation's sympathy than the terrible disaster at Scotswood. It tempered the debate on the Miners' Wage Bill, and showed itself in the Prime Minister's care to be present. In that debate you took part. When you announced that the passing of such a Bill would make the mining industry the "happy hunting-ground of Weary Willies and Tired Tims" you raised a laugh over the graves of dead men, and placed yourself outside the pale of decency. For your soul's sake try a few months' coal-mining, and let me know what you think then. JOHN BULL.

To JOHN GRAHAM, Esq., Coroner, Durham.

SIR,—Many people will agree with you that "hanging a woman is not only terrible but disgusting." The only query that occurs to me is whether, as a matter of logic and humane reasoning, there is very much difference between hanging a woman and hanging a man. Certainly, an ever-growing number of citizens are revolting from the whole conception of capital punishment, which as a deterrent from the crime of murder has demonstrably failed. JOHN BULL.

To the VICAR, St. John the Evangelist, Wembley.

SIR,—Since the war memorial, inscribed with the names of 131 fallen parishioners, was placed in your church a further thirty-nine have been discovered. Naturally their relatives wished the altar-panels altered to include these. You and your churchwardens objected and side-tracked the thirty-nine to a wall. Now the Chancellor of the Consistory Court has decided in the parishioners' favour. He thinks the case regrettable. So do I. JOHN BULL

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—In welcoming the appeals of the Prime Minister for industrial co-operation you have struck a very badly needed note of direction. You point out the fact that in the two sides to British industrial disputes Labour is always the greater sufferer. I trust this hint will be taken. In order to remedy the distress caused by unemployment at the earliest possible moment Labour should lead the way to a friendly and co-operative search for the cure. The moment was never more opportune.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. VINCENT MACNABB, S.J., Farm Street, W.

DEAR FATHER MACNABB,—Your feeling on the housing question does you credit. But when you cry out for State Socialism as the only means of getting houses built, aren't you falling into the same error as Charles Lamb's Chinaman who burnt down his cottage to roast a pig? If the present Government had sufficient wisdom and courage it could build all the houses we need without abating one jot of its Conservative principles. It is a question less of Party politics than of business organisation.

JOHN BULL.

The Price of Coal!

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. MITCHELL JONES, K.C.:—There is no problem so terrible as the large number of criminals recruited from young people.

Except the failure of the law to prevent it.

SIR ROBERT HORNE:—We shall be false to our trust unless we complete operations at Singapore.

And if we do, we are doubly false to those who died in the "war to end war."

ADMIRAL MARK KERR, C.B.:—Communications are the most vital things in war.

It is equally vital to abstain from provocative communications that lead to war.

PRINCESS BIBESCO:—It is easier to make a young man blush than a young woman.

A saying truly exemplified in your own family.

MR. JUSTICE SHEARMAN:—Tobacco makes people think without talking.

What a pity our judges do not take to tobacco more!

MR. J. H. THOMAS:—I do not admit that Labour needs help.

A frank admission that you prefer disruption to unity.

Without Fear or Favour

BLOOD ON THE COAL!

Secret Diplomacy

THE fact that nearly 700 treaties have now been registered with the League of Nations for publication to the whole world is being hailed as proof that secret diplomacy is now nothing more than an evil memory.

We are invited to believe that secret pacts are abolished for ever, and that, in a word, the world has entered on an era of peace, good will, and frankness.

We remain, however, singularly unimpressed. We see little real advance in the mere fact that 700 treaties have been lodged with the League, since the League itself remains a makeshift substitute for the peace-compelling instrument it has yet to become.

When the Labour Government was in office it declared its intention of ratifying no treaty until it had been discussed and approved by Parliament; but with suspicious haste the present Government refused to consider itself bound by any such declaration.

Nevertheless, it is a mode of procedure to which no sensible man can object. The time to disclose the contents of a treaty is before the signatures of statesmen have made them irrevocable.

We insist, and we shall continue to insist, that the people have a right to know what is being done in their name. They have a right to know the exact objects for which their credit and ultimately their lives are being pledged.

And they have a right to know these things in time to object, through their representatives, if they disapprove.

There can be no diminution of the evils of secret diplomacy until secrecy in the making of treaties has been swept away. The consent of Parliament before any treaty is signed is clearly the first, and essential, safeguard.

A Plymouth Scandal

IN its strange treatment of Dr. Bushnell, its Assistant Medical Officer of Health in the Tuberculosis Department, Plymouth Corporation is well in the way of earning a bad name.

On April 10 this distinguished public health servant is being hustled out of the office he has filled so well for reasons which have not been vouchsafed.

The British Medical Association have made several vain efforts to ascertain the grounds of Dr. Bushnell's dismissal. They have intimated to the Corporation that so strong a view do they take of this action that an advertisement for Dr. Bushnell's successor will not be inserted in the *British Medical Journal*.

This is a deplorable incident which responsible men in Plymouth should hasten to end. Dr. Bushnell, it is admitted, has been assiduous in the discharge of his duties, and his work for public health reform is well known. As a result, he was the Labour candidate for London University at the last General Election.

Does this circumstance explain his abrupt dismissal? Plymouth should not rest under such an imputation, and the Ministry of Health must intervene if the Corporation does not do the right thing.

A Terrible Indictment

AN appalling price is paid by those who, for a pittance, get Britain's coal. Legal requirements are opposed and evaded, and men's lives are needlessly sacrificed. The mining industry must be reorganised without delay

THE terrible tragedy at the Montague Colliery, in which thirty-eight miners have perished, brings the whole question of the mines to the forefront of the political arena.

It is difficult, merely reading the accounts of this awful disaster in cold print, to realise the heart-rending scenes that have been going on for days at Scotswood.

We are glad that several members of the House of Commons did their best to bring the truth home to those who, a few days before, had rejected with scorn the idea of a minimum wage for this dangerous trade.

Col. Lane-Fox, Secretary for Mines, whose sympathy we enlist.

We have in our mind as we write a very vivid picture of the coal-mine that drew crowds at Wembley last year. We thought then, as we think now, that one figure was missing from that grimly realistic exhibit.

At the entrance to the mine there should have stood the Angel of Death, the beating of whose wings is heard by every miner who goes down in the cage.

That these men, who carry their lives in their hands, whose very blood is on the coal they hew, should have to toil for a bare pittance is a standing disgrace to the nation.

The question can be burked no longer. The Sankey Report must be disinterred and the pledges that were given must be honoured.

The records of the mining industry read more like the casualty lists of a battle than the statistics of a trade.

Since 1920 there have been no fewer than 5,554 fatal accidents.

Non-fatal accidents over the same period reached the appalling total of 811,298.

THE terrible fact is that a great many of these disasters could have been prevented if the Mines Act had been more efficiently administered.

"I have attended over 100 enquiries," said Mr. Robert Smillie in the House of Commons, "and in the majority of them the explosions that took place could have been prevented by proper legislation or even under existing legislation if carried out."

And he went on to utter a terrific indictment of those who, if it is true, are assuredly blood-guilty. "I am sorry to say," he added, "that for the last 100 years every piece of mining legislation intended for safety of life has been opposed by the majority of coal-owners."

It is small wonder that as far back as 1919 Mr. Justice Sankey stated bluntly that the present system of mining stood condemned by its results.

WE say unhesitatingly that the present position is a scandal and a menace to the life of the nation.

There can be no "peace in our time" while a million British miners are risking their lives at the coal-face for a wage that would cause an instant strike were it offered to dustmen.

There can be no security from the germs of Communism so long as the disparity between pithead and retail prices persists, and so long as the miner sees his dependents half-starved and housed like animals.

There can be no industrial truce while men's lives are reckoned of less value than royalties and profits.

There can be no self-respect in a nation that allows these things to be when they can so easily be prevented.

There is blood on the coal. There is blood on the royalties, on the profits, on the dividends.

The matter brooks of no delay. It is the duty of Parliament to act now and to act with strong wisdom.

Free the Land!

IT is becoming painfully evident that this Government, like its predecessors, is baffled by the unemployment problem. It has no remedy. It can suggest none. It is almost prepared to say that there is none.

We are not dismayed by such pathetic helplessness and political incompetence. We are, however, driven to an increasing anger against such blind statesmen—blind because they won't see.

We believe that there is not only a remedy for unemployment, but a remedy for most of the ills from which this country is suffering, to be found in a sane and comprehensive land policy.

Everything comes ultimately from the land. If land is dear, then everything is dear.

The real reason why houses are scarce and dear is because the land that produces the materials is dear. Food is dear because land is dear.

Food is scarce because the land that produces the food is lying unproductive.

Millions of men who would be useful citizens are sitting in demoralising idleness because they are denied access to the land for which they fought.

We turn a deaf ear to those who urge emigration as a remedy. Why should our men emigrate? What is there to hinder them settling on their own land? What, indeed, except the land system under whose dead weight the country is slipping to stagnation?

Dire times demand drastic remedies. There must be a thorough overhaul of the land system. Land must be unlocked that those may work who will.

"God gave the land for the people" is no less true now than when the Liberal Party made it their battle-cry.

Let the people have what is theirs. Let the land be freed.

Bread Bandits

IN the past few weeks there has been the biggest slump in flour prices on record. Almost every day saw it tumbling shillings per sack.

We have never concealed our opinion that the public was being shamefully fleeced over the price of bread.

We say bluntly that to-day the public is being deliberately robbed.

Despite the tremendous fall in the price of flour, bread prices have either not fallen at all or, in some cases, have been grudgingly lowered by one halfpenny.

There is, of course, a very beautiful excuse. Bakers, we are told, hold large stocks of flour that were bought when flour was dear. Naturally they cannot reduce the price of bread until these stocks are exhausted.

But it is curious to remember that this excuse did not operate the reverse way when flour prices were rising.

Bakers who held stocks of cheap flour promptly put up the price of bread the moment flour rose in price.

There was never any excuse for the rise in bread prices. There is no excuse for the price remaining high now. The whole thing is an open ramp.

We demand immediate legislative action.

The Scared Rabbit

The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Prcs. of the Board of Trade, who has the Empire's Industry at heart.

SCARED rabbits who run about proclaiming that "all is lost" need not be taken seriously. There has hardly been a period when we have not heard the same cry. And in the end the country has emerged richer and greater than ever before

by A. G. GARDINER

I SAW a statement attributed to Mr. Snowden the other day, that a Northern manufacturer had told him that in a few years there would not be a factory open in the North of England. I do not suppose that Mr. Snowden believed such nonsense, or quoted it, except to ridicule it.

Things are not well with us, but the scared rabbits who run about proclaiming that "all is lost" need not be taken seriously. There has hardly been a period in our history when scared rabbits were not abroad with the same cry, and after every great war the undertakers have been busy preparing the coffin for British trade and British greatness. And, in the end, we have always found the country richer, greater and more populous than ever before.

If the scared rabbits would read history they would be less scared and less foolish. We have had a vast surgical operation, and we are still a long way off being convalescent; but we are not going to die. We are going to get better. Our recovery will be hastened by two things—one external, one internal. We need peace and good will in Europe to set the wheels of world trade going again, and we want enlightened changes at home to adjust ourselves to the new conditions created by the war.

An eternal question

It is about the second of these things I propose to say a few words. Part of the depression from which we are suffering is no doubt due to faults in our machine. In this connection, the report that the South African Government contemplates abolishing the slight preference (3 per cent.) which it gives to British goods has revived the fiscal question. That question is never dead and never long quiescent. We cannot discuss so great a matter too much or resurvey the ground too often.

Personally, I am a Free Trader; but I am only a Free Trader for the same reason that an honest Protectionist is a Protectionist: because I believe on the evidence it is the best system for the country. If it is not, I want another.

There are three courses open to us: (1) To hold to Free Trade; (2) to adopt Protection (in which I include Imperial Preference, Safeguarding of Industries and the rest); and (3) the I.L.P. proposal to nationalise key industries and protect industry against sweated labour from abroad.

Where the bedsteads came from

Let us look at the last idea, which is to be discussed at the I.L.P. Conference at Gloucester next week. Is that a practicable alternative to Free Trade? Take the cotton trade. It has suffered badly since the war and is still suffering, but I ask any cotton operative in Lancashire to say whether he thinks Government control will cure the evil? Is there a solitary informed mind in Lancashire that does not know it would kill the trade?

As for prohibiting the importation of cheap commodities from abroad, how is that to help the British consumer? We cannot compel other countries to pay our wages or adopt our hours of labour, and if we keep out their goods because they don't we cut our own throats. British trade has been built up on raw material from other countries. Our bedstead trade with South America was based on cheap iron tubing from the Continent. If we keep that tubing out because the worker is not paid the equivalent of English wages, our export trade in bedsteads is not revived. It goes elsewhere.

I don't mean that it is not desirable that foreign workmen should have as good wages and conditions as English workmen. It is most desirable, and I hope the English Labour Party will help their Continental friends to secure better wages and conditions. But how on earth is a policy of keeping out the food and the raw materials that we want going to benefit British trade?

How vested interests benefit

That is the Labour view of Protection. Is the Capitalist view of Protection more satisfactory from the point of view of the consumer, who is the only person I care about? No one can, of course, deny that Protection can benefit some classes. Suppose you keep out all electrical fittings from abroad. The great electrical trust which dominates the whole industry in this country will be free from all competition, and will charge the consumer what it likes. So with every one of the great monopolies that have grown up and whose operations I have dealt with in these columns. They will all benefit by Protection.

But how can the consumer benefit? How can the cotton trade, the iron trade, the shipbuilding trade recover if the cost of living is raised, and the cost of production is raised?

Watch what is happening before the Safeguarding of Industries Committee which is to produce Protection piecemeal. The Fertilizers Manufacturers Association are appealing under the Act for a prohibitive duty on foreign fertilisers. Of course Protection will benefit them. When competition is cut out they will command whatever price they like. But what of the farmers? They are the great users of superphosphates and they are opposing the duty as a deadly blow at them.

Suppose the duty is conceded. Suppose other duties are applied to other commodities the farmer uses. Is it not obvious that then you must give the farmer Protection, too, against the imports that compete with him? And when his milk and wheat and potatoes cost more, who is to compensate the consumer? How are the cabman, the 'busman, the postman, the bricklayer, the lawyer, the doctor, and the thousand other classes who cannot be protected against foreign competition—how are they to have their loss made good?

That is the problem. I can see how the producer in this or that industry can be benefited by Protection. But it is an endless chain. When you have protected one monopoly you must go on and protect all, until you come to the consumer, who pays the lot and gets nothing.

The only remedy

That is why, until I see some answer, I remain of the opinion that the internal remedies we need will not be supplied by Protection either of the I.L.P. or the monopolists' variety, but by the transfer of the burdens of rating from industry to the land, by the abolition of profiteering by the trusts, by more enlightened business methods, by the removal of the trade union checks upon production and by some policy of co-operation and co-partnership between Capital and Labour which will change the whole atmosphere of industry from one of distrust and suspicion to one of mutual confidence, good will and good faith.

GREAT HOL

Happy hunting-grounds for rostrum pirates

FOOLS are of three classes. There are born fools. There are persons, apparently sane, who allow card-sharpers and confidence tricksters to make fools of them. And there are the utterly incomprehensible members of a business community—people who themselves produce or deal in commodities of current commerce, and yet buy worthless trash at bogus auctions.

The Rt. Hon. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, who should introduce legislation to remedy this evil.

The first class inspires our pity. The second suggests doubt of their continence in drink. But the third fairly puzzles the normal understanding.

Here is a case reported from Blackpool, where the bogus auctioneers seem to abound and flourish without manifest let or hindrance by the police. A man had bought some trinket, which had been vociferously blazoned by the auctioneer, for the substantial sum of £4 15s. When he showed it to an expert, he was told that the value was about 3s. He went back to the auctioneer and crisply conveyed his displeasure. He might as well have spent his breath in beating back the tidal surge of a tempestuous westerly wind. There was a row, but the bargain was a bargain, and no legal redress was possible. The law and the police are powerless.

Blackpool appears to be a favourite hunting-ground for these pirates. Here swarm the work-weary masses of Lancashire and Yorkshire to forget their workaday drudgery, to "shake a loose leg," to make up for a year of strenuous thrift in a week of spendthrift recklessness. In this holiday mood even Sheffield blades abate their customary sharpness and Oldham lads abandon themselves to the unwakefulness of the "Wakes."

THEY are a ready prey to the charlatan exploiter. They will spend waste sixpences and shillings, which they would have grudged at home for sheer necessities, on the most extravagant dissipations. They will drink at every public-house between Talbot Road Station and South Shore. They will eat "potato pie" opposite the Central and oysters at every stall between the piers. They behave like schoolboys let loose.

Then comes the opportunity of the pirate. He proclaims his generous desire to give of his generosity a sixpenny article for a penny. Bill Smith looks at it, knows that the trumpery thing cannot possibly be made at the price, and then absolutely loses his common-sense. There follows a set of fish-knives, for which he has no earthly use, and he thinks himself lucky to secure them at something perhaps a little less than would be

A Heart-Breaking Letter

WHILE bitter tragedies are being enacted in humble homes the high life of the nation flaunts its luxurious wickedness in the sensationalist Press. Bottom dogs ask for bread and receive stony silence while charities dissipate energies and monies

by
"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland Minister of Labour, who should give this problem his attention.

FOR a long time I have been worried by the thought that something is radically wrong with the administration of our numerous charities. Millions of money are subscribed to make life in these islands kinder and happier, and yet how precious little is the sensation of generosity and kindness in our social relations.

Take, as an example of individual neglect, a man who lives in Longsight, Manchester, and who addresses a letter to me in the following terms:

"May I appeal for the support of your powerful pen in making public the plight of poor devils like myself who, without work, 'dole,' or pension, and often with the additional handicap of disabilities or shattered constitutions due to war, beat ourselves in vain against the iron bars of officialdom?"

Bitterness poisoning the blood

There follows a sentence of justifiable satire directed against the Press "that will not publish anything written by the bottom dog, but will devote columns and pages to the amorous adventures of highly placed persons, fashionable weddings, or the momentous question of bobbed or shingled hair."

Imagine the feelings of this man, whose story I will relate, on opening the paper which has refused to publish his plea for justice and finding there a discussion on the subject of "bobbed or shingled hair."

Unless we *can* imagine those feelings, we shall fail to understand the exceeding bitterness which is poisoning the blood of so many thousands of our fellow-men. To be out of work, to be half-starving, and to have not a shilling in one's pocket, while the Press of the country day after day is discussing frivolous matters and making no fight at all for justice, this is to tempt a man to the suicidal action of taking the law into his own hands.

He feels that nobody cares for him. He feels that everyone is selfish and indifferent to the sorrows of other people.

In 1914 my correspondent was a healthy young man in steady employment. He volunteered for war service on August 10, and was sent away to a camp for hardening purposes. He was so hardened that in December the authorities dismissed him as unfit. Now observe what followed, that you may understand his character.

He did not apply for a job in munition factories. He wrote to the War Office begging the authorities to allow him to re-enlist, if only for home service. They agreed, and on January 13 in 1915 he once more entered the Army. In March of that year he was out in France with the 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment.

Without leave or break of any kind, rising to be a lance-sergeant in this proud and gallant regiment, he served his country till March, 1920, in France, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, and Singapore. He was discharged in category A1, and although unable to work for six months after demobilisation he never applied for the 29s. a week "dole" which he had the right to obtain.

Collapsed in a lumber camp

He struggled on, hoping for a revival of trade, till the spring of last year, when he emigrated to Canada and got to work in a lumber camp. It was not long before he collapsed, and the doctors told him he was suffering from heart disease and a shattered constitution due to war service.

He came home, and at last, being on his beam ends, applied for a pension. He received a number of forms, completed them, and returned them in the beginning of November. At the end of January he was given a medical board.

Since then he has heard nothing from the Ministry of Pensions except an intimation that the matter is receiving attention. "Four months to come to a decision," he exclaims; "four minutes sufficed when gun fodder was wanted!" He is growing bitter.

Penalised for independence

Now listen to him, for his words are worth hearing: "I could have had several hundreds of pounds from the State by this time if I had gone on the dole and claimed a pension in 1920, but because of my independence I am penalised.

"The same sort of treatment was meted out to me at the Labour Exchange. I registered for light employment, was placed before a committee, and refused the dole granted to aliens and workshys.

"In spite of the fact that I served in the Manchester Regiment I cannot get a light job in this wealthy city that boasts of its charity and the huge figures passing through the bankers' clearing house. It is not much to ask from the country I have given my only wealth to—my health.

"For God's sake hit out and try to shake up those responsible, including, I am tempted to add, the general public who, either through indifference or ignorance of the facts, allow these things to be."

This I call the just complaint of an evidently brave and self-reliant man.

But he is in need, and there is none to help him. No one! He writes to me, a stranger, as a last hope. This paper strikes him as being genuinely concerned about the bottom dog, and he invites me in God's name to hit out for the sake of "poor devils" like himself.

I will say nothing about the Ministry of Pensions. I deplore their delay, but I understand their difficulties. Let us not be too ready to abuse them. But what of all the charities in the country that exist for no other purpose than to search out and help the suffering and the sorrowful? And what about all the good people in Manchester who are sincerely trying to live the life of Christian brotherhood?

Bunglers of the worst kind

I am so taxed that I can hardly turn about. I subscribe to I know not how many charities. My hand, in these late years, never seems to be out of my pocket.

It is time we asked ourselves how much of the money we subscribe to help our fellow-men goes in salaries, and how many of these charities, because they overlap, are engaged in little else but fighting themselves. It is time also that we asked ourselves whether those who administer these charities are fit for their job.

We are not an unkind nation. I think we are the most generous of all the nations in the world. But the conviction grows upon me that we are bunglers of the worst conceivable kind. We shall never perish for want of a good heart; that is certain; but what can save us from the retribution which falls upon all stupidity?

LDAY SWINDLE

by **ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")**

charged by a decent tradesman who has rent and rates to pay.

Gradually he is led up to the "semi-hunter gold watch" for the ridiculously small sum of 25s.—"24s., 23s., 22s.," and then when the fool is caught, "Your bid, sir? Gone at 21s. A cheap bargain, sir."

AND the Sheffield blade or Oldham lad shakes hands with himself over his luck, until, on his return home, he swanks his capture to his neighbour, the watchmaker, and discovers to his dismay that he could have bought precisely the same make of watch at home for something less than half the money.

The ramp is rampant and flagrant not only in Blackpool but wherever the rogues find pleasure-seekers with spare cash in their pockets and brains left at home. The swindlers actually have the audacity to brave the limelight of the principal London thoroughfares, in full view of the metropolitan constabulary, and under the lynx eyes of Scotland Yard.

There was a case recently where an auctioneer, charged with "obstructing" a policeman who had objected to his collection of a crowd in Coventry Street, retorted with a charge of assault against the remonstrant constable! There was another case where a passer-by was assaulted by the auctioneer because he had dared, in private conversation with his friend, to question the genuineness of the sale.

We are told of an even bigger swindle by a clique of bogus auctioneers, who rent big West End mansions on the pretence of selling "the property of a gentleman who is going abroad." The stuff offered is of the classic sort manufactured in Curtain Road, or the kind which a comedy actress lately described as "genuine old historical furniture which we are having made at Harrages."

There is a real port with cobwebs on from the famous vineyards of Chateau Pimlicoau, and champagne directly imported from the place where they grow the oldest gooseberries.

THESE swindles flourish, and it is hard to suggest a remedy. The gangs are rich and strong. Frank Harris wrote a powerful story some years ago showing the terrific cost to an outsider to get into the "ring." The brigands not only make up sales of their own, but by private arrangement control the auction sales which are legitimate.

One thing that evidently should and could be done is to exercise more stringent control over the issue of auctioneers' licences. The public authorities should insist on most particular references from any applicant for this tremendously potential privilege.

But the first and chiefest responsibility is on the property-owners who lease their shops to obvious swindlers. Except for the prospect of monstrously exorbitant rents, no conscientious landlord could have let his premises to the sharks involved in the recent cases at Blackpool and in the West End of London.

THE SECRET OF GOOD DIGESTION.

How Anybody Can Have It.

Practically all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble are due to or accompanied by an abnormal condition known as acidity, which causes fermentation and the formation of gas. Correct this condition and all pain and distress instantly disappear. For this purpose the best thing known is to take a little Bisurated Magnesia. This instantly neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation and formation of gas and permits painless normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of Bisurated Magnesia (tablets or powder) from your chemist to-day and take after eating or whenever pain is felt; you'll be astonished at the results—pain, distress, discomfort and fullness all gone as if by magic. Nothing else relieves as quickly and surely as Bisurated Magnesia. Try it to-day.

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THE DEVIL LAUGHS!

Armageddon Produces Nothing but Ultimate Loss

by **Professor CHARLES RICHET** *(Author of "Idiot Man")**

THERE are fifteen hundred million human beings on the face of the globe, and our glorious war of 1914-1918 was only able to destroy fifteen millions. That's nothing, for these fifteen millions represent a mere fraction of mankind, 1 per cent., which is next to nothing. Two years of increased fertility will make up for this holocaust.

I am well aware, also, that there are factories in ruins, cottages gutted, towns sacked, cathedrals in ashes, forests despoiled, and cornfields transformed into charnel-houses piled high with the bones of young men. But don't get excited about that. These dismal sights will not last for ever.

It is not death and destruction which make me say that war is the supreme infamy. For the new born replace the dead. Ruins are rebuilt. Trees grow again. New crops are harvested. But there is one sinister reality which nothing will have power to efface while time shall last, and that is suffering—one vast and universal suffering.

Life's objective

The flood of suffering caused by the war was a hundred, a thousand fold worse than the bloodshed, lavish though that was. I want to emphasise this point; for here we reach the zenith of man's folly, so that great words fail me to depict its immensity.

The goal of human endeavour is happiness, whether collective or personal. Consequently, the only way of judging things is to measure the amount of joy or misery which they bring to human beings.

Let us picture a huge weighing-machine with two gigantic scales hanging in space. On one side pile up all the sufferings of the dwellers on earth; on the other all their joys. In times of war, to which side will the scale dip?

Undeniably war brings great happiness to some men, which will weigh heavily in the scale of desirable things. In the first place, it has brought huge fortunes to the manufacturers of guns and munitions. It has enabled thousands of contractors to "get rich quickly."

That I am convinced is a real benefit, by no means negligible. War creates the new rich. They are not very numerous, but their fortunes are so huge that the size of them makes up for their rarity.

Losses and gains

All other benefits of war pale beside this. However, here and there, we find a few other considerable advantages. There were brave soldiers who won pensions, medals and promotions. There were rogues who perished. I acknowledge that these are by no means trivial benefits. But what do they weigh as against the sufferings of war?

More than fifteen million men were killed in the Great War. Let us reckon that each of the dead is mourned only by five people, his father, his mother, his wife, his child and his friend. That already gives us seventy-five million terrible sorrows which will endure for years to come.

Can we believe that the young wife who has lost her husband, the mother who has lost her son, will be able to console themselves in one year, two years, or ten years? Their lives are darkened. Death who struck down the soldier whom they idolised has treated them still more cruelly. Henceforth life will be colourless and miserable.

These unhappy women will smile no more. Hours, days, months, years wil pass, but the pangs of grief will be as sharp as on that first fatal day when the thunderbolt fell. "Your son, your husband is dead."

Fifteen million deaths are no great calamity for the dead at any rate, since they do not suffer, nor spend long years in hopeless weeping. Fifteen million births compensate for fifteen million deaths. But countless millions of victims, countless millions of martyrs, for whom all joy is quenched for ever—that is the acme of human folly.

However great the harvest reaped by munition makers, bankers and profiteers; however great the patriotic pride of triumphant imperialists; however flattering to vanity the Iron Crosses and Legions of Honour lavished on the brave; if we were to weigh in that gigantic scale these decorations and these profits against those many millions of aching sorrows, which would outweigh the other?

M. Herriot, Prime Minister of France.

But if we want to find room for all the other sufferings due to the war, we shall need a far bigger scale. The full tale of them is appalling. To begin with, twenty million wounded; twenty million once vigorous men dragging out long days in hospitals, shaking with fever, pale, haggard and impotent, undergoing one operation after another.

Maimed, halt, and blind

There may be ten million not permanently maimed, but consider the ten million maimed! They had not the luck to die. They will have to drag out a miserable existence.

There are, roughly, 15,000 blind, 100,000 one-eyed, 500,000 one-armed, and 500,000 cripples. Others are deaf, others hideously disfigured, others subject to epileptic fits, while yet others have lost both arms. I know of one man, legless, armless and almost blind.

These ten million mutilated, who will have to be supported by public charity, represent the flower of thirty centuries of civilisation. This is the result of it all.

May these heroes live for many a long day that by their mere presence they may testify to the awful and sacrilegious stupidity of the human species.

* *Translated by Norah Forsythe and Lloyd Harvey.*

GIRL'S TRAGIC DEATH-BED

"If ye forgive ye are forgiven"

by **PHILIP INMAN**

IN Ian Maclaren's delightful book, "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," he tells of one, Flora Campbell, who, bereft of a mother's love, goes astray, and is turned from her home by her father, a stern Scottish puritan. Flora migrates with her "wee bairn" to London, where, for years, she struggles to go straight.

Meanwhile, the father's heart begins to yearn for his only child, and one day he makes a stand of some of his once-treasured puritanical books, and on the stand he places a lamp, so that should his child ever return she would find a light of welcome to greet her.

ONE night the old man hears a timid knock at the door. His heart almost stands still as he goes to open it. On the threshold his girl stands. "I have come home," she mutters. "May I come in?"

The father, struggling to hide his emotion, bids her enter, and soon the reunion between the two is complete.

The next day the lamp stand is dismantled, and when the family Bible is displayed, the daughter finds that in the register alongside her name has been added "Lost, 19——" Taking up a pen, she wrote, "She was lost but is found."

Within the last few weeks I have sat by the bedside of a patient who has had a more tragic experience. When admitted to a London hospital she was a human wreck, diseased in body and desolate of soul. From the first her case was hopeless, and her only object in entering the hospital was to seek some relief from pain and to await the coming of the eternal release—death.

This girl, twenty-four years of age, came from a little village in Northamptonshire. On leaving school she was sent out to domestic service. Then she took a situation in London and her misfortunes date from that time. At the age of twenty-one she gave birth to a child, and she was dismissed from her employment. Ashamed to go home, cruelly betrayed by the man she had trusted, she sought a way out from her troubles, and found it—on the streets.

THEN came the inevitable end. In the garret of a house in a West End street she was found by a doctor to be desperately ill. Her sufferings were the result of her form of living.

That day she came under the care of the hospital. After she had been a patient a short time she was asked for the address of her parents. At first she said that they were dead and that she had no relatives left in the world. Later on, as her condition became worse, she asked for me. In a weak voice she muttered, "I told you a lie this afternoon. My father and mother are not dead, but I have not been home for years."

HER face shone with a new and strange light as she whispered, "Do you think they would come if they were sent for?" A telegram was at once dispatched, followed by a letter, telling of the girl's plight and of her hopeless condition. Two days later there came this reply, "——— has ceased to be our daughter, and we have no desire to see her again."

Thank God that message arrived too late. The patient was dead before it reached the hospital. But what a difference a word of forgiveness and of love might have made to her passing.

This man and woman have debased and disgraced the sacred words "father" and "mother." Words are wasted on some people; but they might be reminded of a saying of long ago, "For if ye forgive not, how can ye be forgiven?"

PENSIONS, POPPIES & POLITICS

Scandalous Red Tape Awards

UNLESS justice is accorded the men who fought, the Great War will become the Great Betrayal. Men who have left limbs on the battlefield are now being denied their rights

by Capt. G. BURGESS
(The Military Legal and Pensions Expert)

IF it is a crime on the part of Germany to avoid the payment to her late enemies of just war debts, then can the non-payment by this country of the great debt due to its battered and bewildered ex-soldiers be regarded in any sense of the word as a lesser sin?

My investigations, covering a period of nearly four years, of the "War Pensions Scandal," have furnished evidence of a nature which leaves feelings of unutterable disgust and disdain.

Yet as recently as last Thursday the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons that "the Government are not aware of any grounds on which the appointment of a Select Committee (to enquire into the administration of War Pensions) would be justified."

Wounded Officers Snubbed

In spite, however, of this, I would stake my life on the fact that no independent committee, with sufficient experience to rebut the arts of the permanent official, could frame any report that would bear the light of a public scrutiny.

Ex-Service men are aware by now that they have been cheated, but only years of study of the complicated Royal Warrants, together with much specialised experience, could disclose to them the extent to which they have been robbed.

The old story about "red tape" may still serve as a handy excuse to gull the uninitiated, but is it red tape which has so consistently awarded the one-year gratuity as compensation for permanent disablement? Is there any mistaking the permanency, frequently certified by Harley Street, of the broken limb?

Records of hundreds of out-of-date appeals, and of successful appeals which are frequently manipulated into yielding no advantage, throw a sinister light on the manner in which iniquitous regulations are invented and loosely drafted by permanent officials, and how other regulations are disregarded or abused.

I have before me the cases of two lieut.-colonels, each of them wounded and each certified on demobilisation as disabled to a degree of 30 per cent. These officers were palmed off, without any further medical examination, with small gratuities of £25 apiece—not 30 per cent., but 1 per cent., and for one year only—and this for permanent disablements and by way of a first and final award.

Earl Haig, President of the British Legion.

Appeal boards were duly applied for, but were refused by the Ministry pending the signing by each officer of a letter of undertaking agreeing to accept the board's decision as final. The colonels signed under protest, and their surprise may well be imagined on learning later that the letters were not, in fact, worth the paper on which they were written, as the War Pensions Act provides a "statutory right of appeal" to the House of Lords.

Colonel E. has now a life pension of £53 a year, but his colleague, who received five wounds and who was decorated by His Majesty's own hand, had discovered the plot when it was too late, and he is "Statute barred."

There are thousands of cases of this type which disclose only one of many subtle tricks so repeatedly worked on the poor ex-soldier.

Complaints which, when investigated, disclose other forms of trickery and dishonesty have reached me from every rank of the British Army, from private to lieut.-general, and from every grade indeed of civil life; from clergymen, solicitors, barristers, doctors, ex-members of the House of Lords tribunals, and, of course, from every sort and condition of working-man.

The House of Lords tribunals are, in my view, no further removed from the hidden hand of the Treasury than in fact is the Ministry itself. Their personnel is, or was, largely made up of retired senior naval or military officers (most of whom are in receipt of adequate service pensions in addition to their salaries), together with ex-Ministry of Pensions doctors, who have no particular desire to lose their jobs. What can be expected of them, and what chance has the ex-soldier?

Treasury Saves by Charity

Such, then, in spite of the Prime Minister's statement, is the plight of the ex-soldier to-day, and such it has been from the beginning. The only remedy is, in my opinion, a general co-operation of ex-Service men and an organisation not partly assisted by the Government and not pledged to non-political action.

This, I feel certain, can be done—and it is not yet too late. If politicians are afraid to-day of war pensions, then they should be made afraid on polling day of ex-soldiers.

Large sums of money are subscribed annually to perhaps the greatest charity this country has known. Yet things remain as have been described, and few there are who have the courage to enquire for the reason. I cannot look at a Flanders poppy these days without thoughts of the hundreds of thousands of pounds paid out in sweet charity, and of the millions saved as a consequence to the coffers of the Treasury.

THE HANDCUFFED LOVER

Playing With Public Health and Morals

by LADY CAROLINE WELLS

HOW much longer will Society and the Church tolerate the iniquitous marriages between wealthy old men and healthy young girls? This crime against the race is on the increase.

We throw into prison many poor wretches who steal, perhaps, so that another person might be kept alive, but we have no castigation, no social lash, for men and women who deliberately eliminate nature and jeopardise the strength and welfare of the community.

GIRLS in that glorious first flush of womanhood, who should naturally choose to mate with young, virile men, are being sacrificed on the altar of social "push" and eminence. Old men—worn-out roués and rakes in many cases—are plunging into marriage with these girls when they should be quietly preparing themselves for the hereafter.

The wonderful instinct for motherhood that is in every normal woman is stifled and baffled in such cases. The doddering old moneybags succeed in defeating womanhood, nature and the race.

Rarely are children born of such misfit marriages, and when they are, how seldom do we find in them the healthy youngsters we would like to see brought into the world. In marriage—if in anything—"Youth to Youth" is a maxim that makes for individual and national prosperity and happiness.

When the blood runs warm through the veins youth needs response. There can be no response from senility.

If it is our sincere desire to make Great Britain an A1 nation, we are most certainly defeating our own aims in permitting a continuance of this outrage on nature. Marriages between old men and young girls should be prohibited.

Even at such a time as the present, when women are in superior numbers to men, I am loth to believe that unions of this nature are acceptable to girls, or are desired by them.

ARE they, then, the victims of some resentful fate, of their own personal charm, or of an ambitious mother who forgets the warmth of her own youth and can think only in terms of social comfort and prestige?

If the latter, then there is a two-fold danger, a danger to our whole moral code. The girl may have had a boy friend or lover who was not in a position to give her the worldly things that his older rival could bestow. The boy had to be given up. Her mother demanded that the real things in life should be renounced for the artificial.

But friendship dies hard and love harder. If the marriage with the older man is a sorry failure—as in most cases it is—the girl looks back with longing on the happy days of her love or friendship with the boy.

THE result can be seen a mile away. Given a chance meeting of the two (or a deliberate assignation), the old fires will flare up, the old desires burst into life. Youth to youth. Youth will not be denied. They will want each other more because they cannot get each other. And the marriage tie may not be so binding after all.

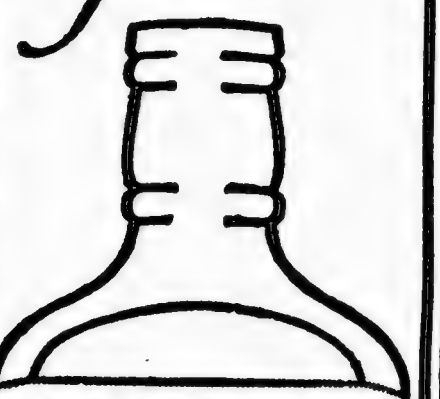
Thus morality also is in danger. Public health and morals are being played with. They should be played with no longer.

Last year the number of births in England and Wales was the lowest peace-time rate on record. Last year our inane picture press contained pictures of more of these misfit unions than ever before.

Money and social eminence should not be allowed to stand in the way of the natural mating of youth with youth.

ACHES & PAINS?

YOUR BODY'S CRYING OUT for



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COMPANY MEETING.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF

THE MUTUAL PROPERTY INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.,

Was held at the Head Office of the Company,

159-165, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

On 6th April, 1925, at 12 o'clock noon.

INCREASE IN INCOME. REDUCTION IN EXPENSES.

Colonel H. DAY, M.P., presided.

THE SECRETARY read the notice convening the Meeting and the report of the Auditors. The Directors' Report and Accounts were taken as read.

THE CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet, said: "During the year under review the Directors have concentrated on the main departments of the Company's business, namely, the House Purchase and the General Industrial departments. In the former department the Premium Income has increased from £82,712 to £90,735, interest and rents have increased from £11,949 to £18,809."

SATISFACTORY DEVELOPMENT.

Mr. J. J. KERSHAW, in seconding the motion said: "I am sure all concerned with the Company can congratulate themselves on the excellent progress made during 1924, for notwithstanding unemployment and other difficulties,

INCOME EXCEEDS £125,000.

the premium income actually collected amounts to £125,506, and is still going forward at a satisfactory rate; also, the assets have been increased from £296,259 to £409,480.

The Company has once more declared a reversionary addition equal to 12½ per cent. of the year's premium to all 30-year term participating policies, with proportionate additions to 25 and 15-year term policies, and the advances made during the year exceed £205,000, and applications for the revival of lapsed policies, or suspension of premiums, have been freely granted.

FREE NURSING SERVICE.

I should not be doing my duty if I did not mention the Free Nursing Service for Sickness and Accident Policyholders, which was commenced during the year 1924. This service is given without any alteration of the benefits or premiums, and its usefulness can be imagined when it is realised that the nurses made during the year over 1,500 visits to policyholders, and the Motor Service, which is used for the conveyance of the nurses and of sick policyholders to and from hospital, covered 17,000 miles. We can safely claim that this is a great social service, the benefits being entirely free."

THE CHAIRMAN proposed the payment of 5 per cent. dividend, and this was agreed to.

On the motion of Colonel GILBERTSON SMITH, seconded by Mr. D. ARLOTT, the retiring Directors were re-elected, as also were the Auditors, and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors for their services, and to the Staff for their loyal support during the year.

"FOR 22 YEARS HÆMORRHOIDS CAUSED ME AGONY"

says Mr. Alfred Shaw, of 59, Grenville Road, Hornsey Rise, N.19. "Many a time on my way home from work I have been so overcome with weakness that I had to rest by some railings.

"There seemed to be no end to my years of suffering and misery until I started with Zam-Buk. This famous herbal balm brought the freedom from pain which I had been seeking in vain for years.

"I continued to use the balm regularly and the hæmorrhoids gradually disappeared until not a trace of them remained.

Zam-Buk

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"When I told my doctor Zam-Buk had made a new man of me, he said, 'There's no use denying it, Zam-Buk is jolly good stuff. I use it myself now and again.'"

Zam-Buk is also a splendid cure for eczema, ringworm, impetigo, psoriasis, pimples, rashes, poisoned sores, ulcers, bad legs, and all cuts, wounds, and injuries. 1/3 box, 3/- family size, all chemists.

MARRIED IN THE DARK

Does Marriage Kill Love?

by HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL *(The Famous Novelist)*

YES—when two selfish persons join together in what is the unholiest state in the world. Sooner or later, each will go his or her way, to the damnation of themselves and their unfortunate children. Where one is selfish and the other unselfish, the issues are not so certain. Love may triumph in the end.

The day has passed when the shrieking sisterhood laid the blame for unhappy marriages at the man's door. Women were justified in shrieking for their rights; they gained them by fighting for them. In America, a wife is entitled to half of what her husband makes; but what she makes is her own.

French love

I lived in America for seventeen years, but I have no reason to suppose that marriage, as an institution, is more generally successful there than here. In both countries a happy marriage fails to excite notice; it is taken for granted.

American men are said to be more unselfish than Englishmen. Some suffer from a malignant form of altruism. They make all sacrifices for wife and children; and this begets selfishness in the beneficiaries.

Few Englishmen will admit that marriage is ordered better in France. A French wife is her husband's partner and comrade in business. The children are trained to identify themselves with that business. The ordinary inn in a country town is, as a rule, admirably "run" by the family.

The same rule applies to those engaged in *le petit commerce*. Petty tradesmen have a great affection for their shops, which pass from father to child. The small land-owners pursue the same policy. Each member of the family seems to realise that the family is the unit of national life and prosperity.

Matches that fail

The secret of a happy marriage is palship, a common give-and-take. We see unmarried couples having a "beano" together; but why should this good time come to an end, as it does so often, after marriage?

Fools rush into and out of matrimony. Nobody warns the protagonists. The miseries of an unhappy union are exploited in certain novels and plays, but they are not pilloried by parson, schoolmaster and doctor as they should be. Mere physical attraction is not enough to justify marriage. An improvident match is a menace to the community, but the community takes no steps to prevent immature boys and girls assuming obligations that they know nothing about. I am sure that marriage kills love when courtship is left at the altar or the register office.

Lovers in the parlour

The workers—the strivers and thrivers—ought to be happier than they are in the bonds of matrimony. The word "bond" has been defamed. A bond should be a pledge—a golden link, not a handcuff.

I am sanguine enough to believe that our women will engineer a change for the better in the marriage relation. The Press of the country can help enormously, and is doing so. Mothers must see to it that their girls are more enlightened. To many young women marriage is a step in the dark, begun with the lights in the parlour turned down.

H. A. Vachell.

It is a great thing that lovers are allowed to see more of each other before the knot is tied. But how can they be trained to study character? Underpinning, in silk stockings, challenges more attention than under standing.

However, man is less of the domestic tyrant supported in his tyranny by Church and State. It remains to be seen what woman will make of her freedom. She is not very likely to abuse it. A wife should make plain to her husband that marriage, when love dies, is prostitution. That essential truth is being hammered home to-day by the wives.

The gospel of love was preached from the Mount—and ever since. It is practised by the few, and regarded by the many as a counsel of perfection. But the wonderful and divine thing is that it endures, even in our slums. Marriage may kill lust. Love is indestructible.

The Sinister Shop

by Dr. G. COURTENAY BEALE

TRAVELLING to one of the outer suburbs the other afternoon, a friend of mine witnessed a scene which gave him furiously to think.

At a certain station his carriage was invaded by some schoolboys—the usual clean, well-set-up, middle-class type—half of them armed with evening papers, and all of them engrossed in an eager discussion which never stopped for a second. The subject they were so cheerfully debating? A football match, most probably? No; but the *cause scandaleuse* which for weeks past had sent a miasma from the Law Courts throughout the country. These youngsters were at home in all the details, and their conversation did not err on the side of reticence.

WHILE most sensible people are agreed that the "conspiracy of silence" of an earlier age was productive of harm, no one will dispute the importance of retarding, rather than precociously awakening, the sex instincts of adolescence. Nor can it be doubted that a preoccupation with sexual subjects on the part of boys and girls during that all-important phase of their development is bound to be deeply injurious in every conceivable respect.

It is impossible to look into the shop-windows of the ten thousand small newsagents and stationers in our less fashionable thoroughfares without having our eyes assaulted by picture post-cards of the most revolting indecency. These productions do not just verge upon the indelicate—they plunge neck-deep into it—and millions of slips of boys and girls receive in this way an education in the seamiest side of life which they will never outgrow or shake off.

I cannot believe that the police are powerless to suppress this disgusting trade. A wise community would no more permit it than it would permit the scattering broadcast of deadly germs.

EVERY day of the week thousands of office boys, errand lads and junior clerks make their way into the City and West End to earn a livelihood. Every day they pass plate-glass windows, luxuriously lit-up by night, behind which are exhibited life-like models in every variety of dainty, semi-transparent underwear. Is it to be thought that such sights as these do not make a very definite appeal to the senses of these lads, that they do not go home to recall it all in imagination, pursuing a theme so dangerously fascinating?

Finally, these same boys will hardly be able to go to and fro in our large cities without coming across one or more of the ever-multiplying establishments which call themselves by a number of high-sounding names, but are generally known as rubber-shops.

NOW we may believe, and an increasing number of people do believe, in birth control as being perfectly legitimate when practised by the married; but that is not to say that mere adolescents should be familiarised with this subject. The effect of such a premature initiation is almost certain to be bad, and must in not a few instances pave the way for grave irregularities.

I cannot but think that regulations could be framed to cope with what, in London at any rate, is fast becoming a scandal. Something ought to be done, and that quickly, to protect the bodies and minds of our youth from this and other polluting influences.

Labour Combines

by Prof. GILBERT SLATER

IT is necessary that the question of the relations of trade unions with the Government should be re-examined with the utmost care. We may hope that the sense of responsibility, among both leaders and rank and file, will grow in proportion to their power.

But it is beyond hoping that there will be no exceptions to that rule; the builders' unions are impressing that unwelcome fact on us. The community must not abdicate. There is no class of men to whom it can safely grant power divorced from responsibility. The autonomy of trade unions must be limited.

As long as the unions were small and struggling it was fair that they should have the right of admitting or excluding members at their pleasure. But to-day, in all those trades in which non-unionists are shut out, it is unjust and unfair that any competent workman should be refused admission to the union. It is equally unfair that willing workers should be shut off from opportunities of acquiring competence.

But perhaps the most important question of all is the right of one union by striking to bring disaster on others. In this connection it is cheering to see a disposition among the Miners' Federation and the Railwaymen's Union to appeal to the opinion of the trade union world before proceeding to extremities. Sentiment will, of course, be all in favour of increases of wage for any section of manual workers; but other unions are bound to ask whether the increase will come out of the pockets of capitalists, or be paid for by workers already worse off than those who are demanding the increase.

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Give Wrigley's to the children regularly. They love it and it does them good.

And use it yourself *after every meal.* Nothing else can give your teeth such a searching cleansing—the kind of cleansing they should have.

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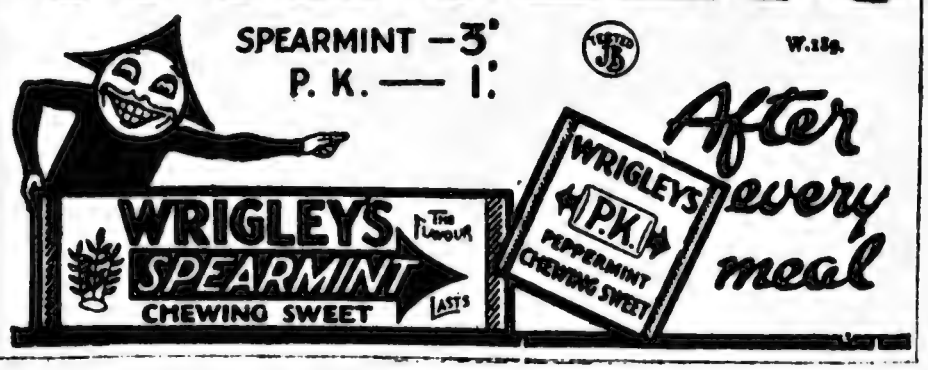

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"Skippers" are small dainty fish packed in finest olive oil or choice tomato—twenty silvery morsels to each tin. They are so delicate and digestible that they never "repeat" as course fish packed in inferior oil often do.
Try "Skippers" for breakfast—they are appetising and nourishing, and no cooking or preparation is required. "Skippers" are always handy whenever you want a quick meal. Never be without them in the house.

The record pack in September, 1924, enabled us to reduce the price 1d. a tin.

Ask gently but firmly for "SKIPPERS"

The name Angus Watson on any ready-to-serve food means the best of its kind.

Angus Watson & Co.,
Limited,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Words Winged to Women

Soul-destroying Sweat Shops

Justice for Working Girls

by **MABEL HORNER**

DOWN in a slum area, made horrible by insanitary, overcrowded dwellings, amid industries which belch out foul smoke and odours day and night, I met Alice B.

The "Settlement ladies" had got up a dance, and Alice was one of a great crowd of hard-working little girls who had come to make merry. Alice, if born in Society with a capital "S," would have been famed for beauty. Even now, her torn overall and general air of poverty had no power to hide her loveliness, her regular features, wide blue eyes, and fair hair that clustered about her brow in natural curls.

But her hands! I held them with pitying horror that any bright young thing should have to earn her living at a trade which did such damage. She glanced at her fingers, bound about with rag, burnt, blistered, cut, and laughed.

"It's the tins and the ovens. We do enamelling of cheap tins at our place," she explained, and added, "I expect we get careless, because if we stop to be careful we don't earn enough to live."

A SWEAT shop? Undoubtedly. Work that was unsuitable for a young girl to do? Only too true. But for Alice, as with other daughters of the very poor, there was no choice. The first job that offers must be taken in order to get honest bread to eat. Alice is merely quoted as an illustration of the thousands of similar cases where more stringent application of the factory laws would help.

Alice worked in a little place, careful not to call itself a factory. There was no provision whatever for the comfort and health of the girls. There was no welfare work. There was no first aid available, only a deadly routine of mad rush in order to make a pittance on piece work. It was a place that needed inspection and regulation more than many a large manufacturing concern, but which, under the present law, was able to escape.

This is the point—where work is difficult and unsuitable, there is all the more urgency that everything possible should be done to make it humane and bearable. Yet it is always these small, hole-and-corner concerns which escape.

Hilda Martindale, O.B.E., H.M. Superintending Inspector of Factories.

Last year a Bill amending the present Factory Acts was introduced into the House of Commons. The alterations proposed were simply those of general application. It sought to abolish the distinction which exists in the present law between factories and workshops, and the difference between textile and non-textile factories, and to make the system of inspection and regulation equally applicable to all.

When an inspector of factories lays complaint about sanitary conditions, cleanliness, overcrowding, ventilation and drainage, his order can be enforced by the Secretary of State. In the case of the workshops and little places, the onus rests with the local authority, a system which lends to wire-pulling, delay, and abuse. In fact, as things are at present, there are not nearly enough inspectors to see that even present regulations are carried out, and the health of thousands of young people is being permanently injured in consequence.

IN other directions, impossible to enumerate in a short article, since there are 143 clauses in this Bill, improvements in factory regulation are sought. But here is the difficulty. When Governments change, so do the proposed Bills not yet passed into law. It is promised that the present Government will this year introduce a new Factory Bill. And here it is that women may give their warm support and help to bring about this much-needed legislation.

When the welfare of the young is concerned there should be no Party bias. On the contrary, there should be a perfectly united desire to raise the standard of life for the children, and an earnest attempt to work for the good of the race and to put on one side all financial niggardliness and personal enmities.

There was never a day when it was more important to find common ground on which to stand. The amendment of the Factories Bill provides a good one.

What is Wrong?

by **Lord WILLIAM GASCOYNE CECIL** *(Bishop of Exeter)*

WE are pleased with the line that the Premier has taken, for we feel that all great causes of social reform can only be accomplished by a nation that is filled with love and faith in the Creator. What is wrong with the world is not so much this or that defect in law as that the spirit is wrong.

God made the world for love and unselfishness, and it does not fit selfish people. As long as man is selfish, so long will there be terrible discords and misunderstandings. I do not say that the reforms are not needed: they are; but it is no good only talking about them. We must alter our attitude of mind.

TAKE, for instance, the housing question. I attended my first meeting at the Mansion House when I was twenty years old, and heard speeches on this subject, and I cannot remember the time in my life since then when, if I had been so minded, I could not have heard many speeches and read many articles on this subject, yet housing has got steadily worse.

This has not been through any lack of legislation. After a sufficient number of speeches we have passed laws. I believe they can now be reckoned by the dozen, and housing has got worse and worse.

What we need is just a different spirit. When we read that the Lord cast out devils, we must remember that that has a metaphorical as well as an actual meaning, and as we are told that those from whom the devils were cast out became reasonable creatures, clothed and in their right mind, so we can believe that the nation from whom the devil of selfishness has been exorcised will become reasonable, and will be comfortably housed.

But we shall never exorcise selfishness by an appeal to selfishness; we shall never cast out sin by an appeal to sin. So these eloquent speeches, which only appeal to the lower side of human nature, and have alternately bullied and bribed people into improving housing, have remained sterile because the selfishness of man has taken the very Acts of Parliament, which were passed for the benefit of the many, to enrich the few.

IT is not for us to apportion the blame between owner and labourer, between the master and the man. We can but note the broad facts that all appeals on the housing and other social reform questions have remained fruitless.

The man who could remedy the housing problem by working harder says to himself, "Why work harder, I shall be poorer." The trade unionists who might pass resolutions compelling men to work at less rates for housing the poor, say that the members of their union would, as a consequence, certainly grow poorer.

The owner of the slum property says, "My old dilapidated property will not let." The contractor says, "If I get good contracts I shall become a rich man." The owner of the land says, "I may just as well get the best price I can for the ground." The various officials and inspectors say, "There should be more of us and we should be better paid."

AND so the whole world, while it *professes* to wish to improve existing conditions, looks after its own individual interests.

How to Keep Well

Care of the Throat

by **A Wimpole Street Physician**

THE most common surgical operation to-day is the removal of tonsils and adenoids.

Tonsils, says a character in a recent American novel, are placed where they are in order to provide specialists with closed motor-cars.

But they have other functions too.

However, people are right to question the wholesale operating that is prevalent, and unbiased guidance ought to be given.

Should the tonsils be removed?

The answer is: Yes, if they are unhealthy and causing symptoms, such as enlarged glands of the neck, frequent sore throats, and pains in the joints.

But No, if they are merely enlarged, and otherwise healthy, causing no symptoms.

Unhealthy tonsils are a source of ill-health and even of danger.

Children with them catch scarlet fever, diphtheria and other infectious diseases more easily.

Chronic ill-health, rheumatism, anæmia, in older persons, may be due to septic tonsils.

But the tonsils have some gland function in early childhood, and should not be removed, unless for some definite reason besides enlargement, before the age of five.

If the tonsils are unhealthy, removal by the surgeon is the only treatment.

There is no choice between an iodine throat paint (which will relieve but not cure the condition) and surgical removal.

Adenoids can be prevented, in children who seem to have a tendency towards them, by breathing exercises and by blowing the nose properly, one side at a time.

But once adenoids have developed they can be removed only by a surgeon.

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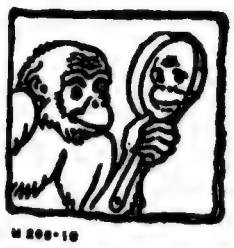

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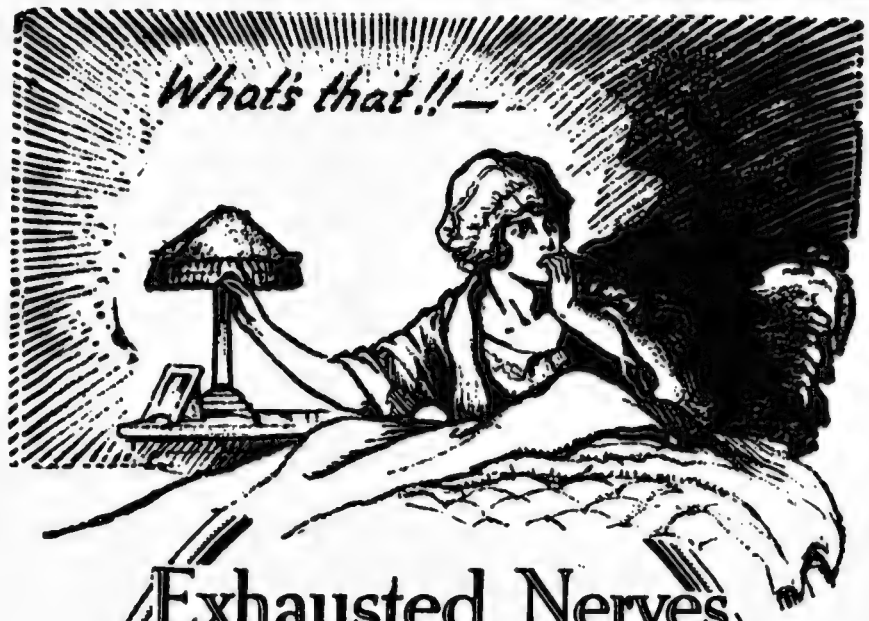

Exhausted Nerves

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A Mother's Perplexity

Stage Prejudice—Girls and Late Hours—An Innocent Bigamist

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"THREE years ago my only son, who is now aged twenty-four, had an affair with a girl, and as a result of the intimacy which occurred she became the mother of his child. It has always been an understood thing that he would marry her as soon as his position allowed.

"I am bringing up the child and am very fond of it. The girl is a continual visitor and even calls me mother. I know she adores my boy, while he is quite indifferent to her, though he loves the child.

"THE other night he came to me in a very distressed state of mind begging me to help him.

"He tells me that he is passionately in love with a girl whom he meets every day at his work. I know her, and I, too, like her better than the mother of his child. Moreover, the second girl is of his own religion and loves him dearly. They are willing to abide by my decision.

"I feel I cannot condemn my boy to a loveless marriage, or a marriage with the love on one side only. The first girl is jealous and peevish, and I have discovered that she is inclined to be fond of drink, while the second girl is a dear, sweet creature and one I could love as a daughter.

"Can you solve the problem? It seems to me that it is either love and happiness for my boy, or duty and misery for all three. I am afraid that if I decide against the first girl she will take the child from me.

"Please help me if you can. I cannot trust my own judgment."

"Humanist" says:—*There are two aspects of this problem—the strict letter of the moral law and the sentimental view. According to the former, your son is in honour bound to the mother of his child, but the rigid application of the moral law has often ended in domestic tragedy. In marriage and love it is sentiment that matters to a great extent. My advice is for your son to follow the dictates of his heart. In any case, as a decent manly fellow, he must make ample provision for the mother of his child.*

Son or Daughter

"I AM a widow with two children. The elder, a boy of nineteen, met with an accident while motor-cycling a few months ago and broke his left arm just above the wrist. The bone was set and the arm appeared to heal, but he has never since had the proper use of his hand. He is able to do his work and is not seriously inconvenienced, but the hand has a paralysed look which worries me.

"He does not complain—although it is painful to watch him manipulate his fork at the dinner table—but I have persuaded him to see a specialist and have his arm X-rayed. The report is that the arm has been badly set and the bone has not grown together properly. It seems that if a difficult and expensive operation were performed, which would necessitate the arm being broken again higher up and a piece of bone grafted, there is a 90 per cent. chance that he would regain the full use of his hand. On the other hand, if it is left as it is, it will not grow worse; but in view of his youth, and the fact that he has his life before him, the specialist advises the operation if at all possible.

"Now here is my dilemma. I can only defray the cost of this operation by using the money which I had put aside for my daughter's college fees. She is leaving school at Christmas, and is very anxious to go on to college. She could, of course, take up some occupation which would not need an expensive training, but I am naturally anxious to do the best I can for her.

"Tell me, Humanist, whose interests come first—my son's or my daughter's?"

"Humanist" says:—*Your son should have the operation. Give him a chance. Your daughter would all her life regret a career won at her brother's expense. She might do well and marry well—without the expensive education you suggest. Ask her opinion; I think I know what it will be.*

Income-tax Fraud

"I AM engaged as a clerk in the offices of a colliery company which employs over four thousand men, and I am responsible for furnishing returns of these men's wages for the purpose of income-tax assessment.

"Some time back I discovered that a contractor in the company's employ was not entered in any register, and, therefore, he pays no income-tax.

"I mentioned the matter to the clerk who did this work previously, and he advised me to keep quiet. He told me that he had spoken to the foreman, and pointed out the omission, but he had been put off with various excuses. The foreman is a personal friend of this contractor.

"It doesn't seem fair that this man, who has other sources of income, should escape so lightly. I shall have an opportunity of rectifying this matter shortly when I issue quarterly returns.

"The trouble is this. The income-tax authorities will want to know his previous earnings, if any. All enquiries will be addressed to the cashier, and when he finds that this man has not been assessed before, somebody will be called to account.

"I am afraid my predecessor will be made the scapegoat. He is a married man with a large family, and I do not like to feel that I may be the cause of his dismissal. On the other hand, there is the possibility of the whole affair coming to light whatever I do.

"I am greatly worried, and if you can advise me I shall be very grateful."

"Humanist" says:—*If you are responsible for making returns of all employees' earnings for the purpose of income-tax assessment it is clearly your duty to include everyone. What your predecessor may have done is not your affair, and you would be doing wrong to continue the deception. There is no reason why you should consider yourself the cause of his dismissal if it is discovered that he neglected his duty, and you would be liable to heavy penalties if you became a party to the fraud.*

"MY husband is a clergyman with a poor living. We have five children of our own, and for the last few years we have had three orphan nieces to look after.

A Way Out

"Feeling that I could not, in fairness to my dead brother, keep my own boys at school at the cost of taking away their cousins, I was considering allowing my eldest to abandon his college career and seek some employment. Then a way out of the difficulty presented itself.

"An old friend took a fancy to my youngest niece, and offered to pay me £4 or £5 weekly if I would allow her to go on the stage. The money would pay for her sister's schooling and enable me to keep all my sons at school or college.

"I am not sure, however, whether it would be right to allow my niece to risk failure and, perhaps, poverty when she is no longer able to play child parts. Moreover, her dead father had a great antipathy for the theatrical profession."

"Humanist" says:—*I think you should consult your husband on the matter, but provided that you can be assured that your niece will be properly cared for, I see no reason why you should not accept your friend's offer. The prejudices of dead parents should not be allowed to interfere with the prospects of their children.*

Too Young to Fly

"My friend and I, sixteen and seventeen, are keeping company with two young men. We are sometimes out later than our parents approve, and the result is that we are very uncomfortable at home. We would both like to go to sea as stewardesses."

"Humanist" says:—*You are both much too young to leave the nest. Your parents are probably wiser than you think, and if the young men are not willing to see that you are home at a reasonable time they are not desirable company for you.*

Hesitating about Emigration

"I am thirty-five years of age, well educated, and unmarried. I have held a very good appointment as steward and farm-bailiff, but I can see no prospects in this country. I have some capital, and have thought of emigrating to South Africa, but reports I have heard of failures there make me hesitate."

"Humanist" says:—*If you have strength of character and determination there is no reason why you should not succeed. Consult the High Commissioner for South Africa, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.*

Forlorn Old Age

"We have an aged distant relative who has had to give up her work as housekeeper and has started to draw the old-age pension. She cannot support herself upon it, and her only near relative is a brother who had a disagreement with her many years ago."

"Humanist" says:—*It is clearly her brother's duty to help her, if he is in a position to do so. Cannot you persuade him to forget past disagreements and provide a home for her?*

The Marriage Bond

"I was first married in 1895, deserted and left destitute. Believing my husband to be dead, I married again. Now, after eight years of happiness comes the news that my first husband died only three years ago. This is making us very unhappy."

"Humanist" says: *There is no need to be unhappy. You are not legally married, but you can have that put right as soon as you like.*

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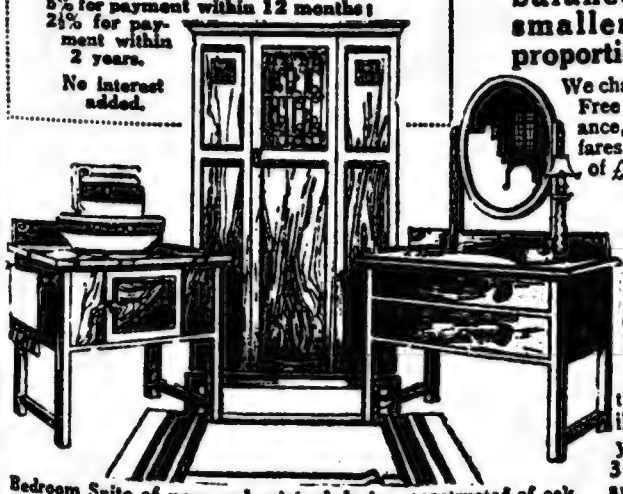

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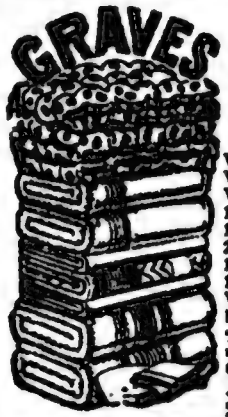

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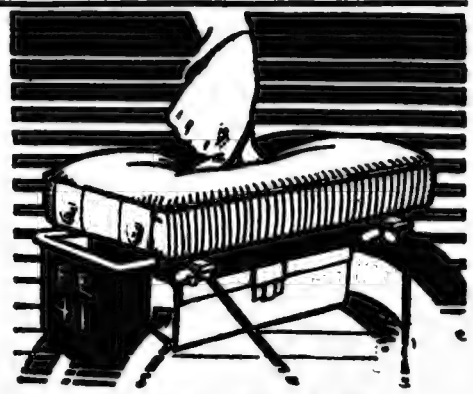

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Brave Men Timid

Even the bravest of men are not ashamed to confess to a momentary sensation not far distant from terror when they find themselves in the presence of some potent agent of destruction by means of which their life is to be destroyed.—*T. J. Barlow, Plaistow.*

Materialists' View

If we are materialists and believe that death ends all then we shall have reached that most happy state of "not being and not knowing that you are not." If we believe in a future life then live this one so that "death will be but the entrance to a better life." In any case why worry?—*T. F. W., Preston.*

Superstitious Reverence

Professor Richet is right. We pay too much attention to dead bodies and spend money on their burial, which could better provide comforts for the living. His philosophy may sound materialistic, but most people are beginning to believe that when a man is dead he is dead—once and for all. There is too much superstition about the hereafter.—*T. P., Dartmoor.*

Tragedy of Early Death

Professor Richet assumes that all men fear death. Is it not rather that one does not *want* to die before one has experienced all that life has to offer? That was the supreme tragedy of the war—the death of all those young men who had only just begun to live. There is all eternity after death—why be in a hurry to reach it? It is not death that matters; to die young is the tragedy.—*M. M., Beckenham.*

Conscious after Death

There is no doubt that much money is spent on funerals that could be put to better use for those who are left behind. But I do not like to think of myself as lying in a "comfortable grave." Death would, indeed, have its terrors for me then. I like to think of myself as being fully conscious, and of living a higher fuller life in a land of "light and love."—*Eva M. Clark, Essex.*

Cremation Desirable

We are beginning to look upon death from a saner point of view. The best way to reverence our dead is to enshrine them in our memories, and to look after the living they have loved. Cremation will, in time, supersede our present form of burial. It would allow land to be used for the benefit of the living and do away with the fear of being buried while in a trance.—*M. H., Halifax.*

A Horrible Thought

Prof. Richet confesses that whilst he cherishes tenderly the memories of his parents, he pays no attention whatever to their dead bodies. He believes that veneration of the earthly garment is absurd. I am inclined to agree, but would point out that his article is not consistent. He states—"What will it matter if famine . . . . unchain their wrath against the living. You, lying in a comfortable grave, will sleep soundly . . . ." What a horrible thought, that we, our spirits as well as our earthly garments, are to lie beneath the sod.—*V. Towner, Kent.*

Suggestive Posters

"A Gentleman with a Duster" has set a lot of people looking for something I have never seen. I think the hoardings of this country are kept wonderfully free from suggestive pictures. We are not too good, but don't let us make ourselves too bad.—*B. D., London.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Clean Minds

The "saving" of the young of this generation and future generations is in our own hands. In schools and homes children are taught the value of clean bodies. Let us add clean minds to our teaching.—*T. M., Cardiff.*

Wages plus Dividend

Another way of dealing with the sweated-wage high-dividend type of industry would be to pass an Act compelling employers to pass on to their employees the benefits of each year's trading. Thus, if an employee works for a wage of £100 a year and the firm employing him pays a dividend of 20 per cent. his wage would automatically become £120 and he would get some recognition.—*P. H., Kent.*

Problems Pecked At

With regard to the question of reforms generally, what is wanted is for the Government, in consultation with the best advisers, to draw up a list of the most pressing problems and deal with it promptly. After such a list has been properly disposed of another list could be drawn up. At present each difficulty merely gets pecked at.—*F. L. Govier, Exeter.*

The Superior Thing

If a man or woman who desires to marry is not prepared to exercise self-sacrifice, by all means let both remain single. If no children come to the married, then remember God knows best. To weak-willed women, single or married, I would say, Pull yourselves together, and take an interest in the affairs of everyday life. A sound, unblemished moral character is superior to anything else.—*A. L., London, E.C.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE":—"Other than British EARS were SCANNING every word and every phrase."

"HERTS ADVERTISER": —"Inlaid Sheraton BEDSTEAD, with full length bevel plate MIRROR."

"EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES":—"She was found UNCONSCIOUS in the CHIN."

"VANGUARD":—"Only the ugly SHOUT and four huge feet REMAINED ABOVE WATER."

"EVENING STANDARD": —"Among the articles taken was a NOTE CASE containing five pounds IN SILVER."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"Mr. Parmalee lay SILENT and still on the floor of the passage—a crumpled heap of GROANING humanity."

"EVENING NEWS":—"Wet FOOTMARKS on a STREET DOOR HANDLE led two constables to the discovery."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—"'Tense Moments in PIG Fights,' which shows all the leading BOXERS in action, is an additional attraction."

The People and War

If all the nations subscribing to the League of Nations were to place on their statute-books a law that they would not undertake war-like operations against one another till they had a direct mandate from their people to do so, war would receive the most staggering blow ever dealt at it.—*W. F. T., Higher Walton.*

Broken Careers

Does anyone give a thought to the lads who were taken from their trades into the Army, thus breaking their apprenticeship. As one of them, I feel keenly about my future. Being unable to get back to my old job, after serving in the Forces, I am just hanging on.—*A. B. C., Shropshire.*

Salaries and Wages

As a "cure" for unemployment, lower workers' wages and longer hours are advocated. When is the proposal accompanied with suggestion for some sacrifices in the high salaries of officials, directors, etc.? Why compel an industry always to bear the highest salaries while the lowest wages must be lowered still more?—*G. H. Brunt, Norfolk.*

The Jury's Rider

Should not the jury's recommendation to mercy in a murder verdict automatically carry a reprieve? They are familiar with every phase of the case, and represent public opinion. The jury is in a better position to give a decision than is the Home Secretary, who is guided by permanent officials and by the judge before whom the case was tried.—*C. S., London, N. 15.*

Degrees of Murder

Should not the criminal code recognise degrees in murder? At present the law sees no difference between the crime of a poor girl who kills her newly born babe and that of the most callous murderer. Again, there is the case of a man who in a moment of extreme provocation loses his self-control and strikes a fatal blow. Surely in such a case an equitable verdict would be "murder in the second degree."—*C. S., Tottenham.*

Should a Doctor Kill?

As a rector of four Norfolk parishes where cancer is prevalent, I write and thank you for your article. I have seen terrible cases of agony in incurable cases which could have been mitigated by morphia. I have often remonstrated with the doctor for allowing the patient to suffer when God had provided such a remedy. All arguments were met by a refusal, because it was against the law. All I can say is "the law is a ass," and requires alteration.—*Charles Gent, Norfolk.*

Lord Gorell Challenged

I write to protest against the article which you have published by Lord Gorell. It is not a fact that those who are determined to risk their health can obtain disinfectants with "a leaflet of instruction." On the contrary, Lord Gorell, as President of the National Council, has successfully opposed the sale of preventives with "a leaflet of instruction." It is not true that the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease is going to unite with the National Council for Combating V.D. on the grounds set forth by Lord Gorell. The leading medical authorities supporting the S.P.V.D. would resign if any such union were attempted.—*Ettie A. Rout, London.*

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Perfect Reception.
Large comfortable Earpieces.
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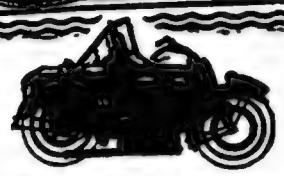

For Easter—a

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Dunlop Tyres and Sturmey-Archer 3-speed.

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Motoring for the Million

Challenge Mr. Ford!

by MOTOMAC

THE new price of the Trojan (£125) is worthy of special mention. It means that one British firm can provide a four-seater family car at the price of the Ford. The Ford is practically British built, but we can't claim it as our own.

Some day when the demand for the Trojan approximates to the British demand for the Ford we may see the all-British family car for £100. Ford's method was to cut the price and make the demand. Our methods are evidently more cautious or less courageous.

Well, if it is up to the customer, I trust the Trojan Company will not find him, or her, lagging, for I do want to see that £100 car.

Trojans have some advantages over Fords. The Ford user, except for commercial purposes, is very heavily handicapped. The £23 tax, about 20 per cent. of the value of the car, is a serious matter.

There must be thousands of Fords in use that have paid their initial cost in taxation twice over. There are certainly thousands that could be used but for the fact that it does not pay to take them out of the garage. The Trojan only costs £10 in taxation. Insurances are also in favour of the Trojan.

On petrol the Trojan will do an average of forty miles as against the Ford's average of twenty-five miles for eighteenpence. The controls are similar, both having epicyclic gears. The Trojan suffered in its early days by the adoption of solid tyres. Pneumatics can now be had for £5 extra. They add to the riding comfort, but rob the car of one of its main attractions, absolute freedom from tyre trouble.

De luxe and saloon models are also offered, but as the Trojan is entirely a price proposition, the standard will always be the most popular.

ONE question is constantly asked and as constantly answered. Are solid tyres really possible? Not if you have a Rolls taste, but the Trojan springing is a unique feature, and the car can be taken anywhere in reasonable comfort.

It should be very useful in some of our new suburbs, where builders still pursue their secret craft, unmaking roads, while building homes for the people. It is an ideal, because an economic, car for farmers and traders.

It should be welcome to many whose families have grown too big for the side-car, but whose purses are not big enough for the more expensive type of runabout. If the manufacturers could only foresee the demand which will come along when they make the next cut, they would do it now.

I do want to see the £100 family car coming from an all-British firm, and as things stand now, only the new price will provide an irresistible challenge to Henry Ford.

* If you like "JOHN BULL,"
You'll like "THE PEOPLE."
Get it next Sunday.

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"Bijou" Crystal Receiver.

THIS set gives perfect purity of tone and, within reasonable distances, all the volume required for several pairs of headphones. The tuning—by variometer—is simple, silent and selective. Telephony can be received within a radius of 20 miles.

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Obtainable Everywhere

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If an Austin Seven had been standing at your door waiting to take you and the kiddies " 'way back o' beyond "! If only you'd taken the plunge and ordered in time for this holiday. . . . You'd have saved money too, for train fares are expensive by comparison with Austin Seven travel.

Well—" once bitten " you know! *Make sure,* for Whit.—by ordering your Austin Seven *now.*

Features:

4-Cylinder engine.
Electric starter.
Electric horn.
4-wheel brakes.
Balloon tyres.
A door for the driver.
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£149
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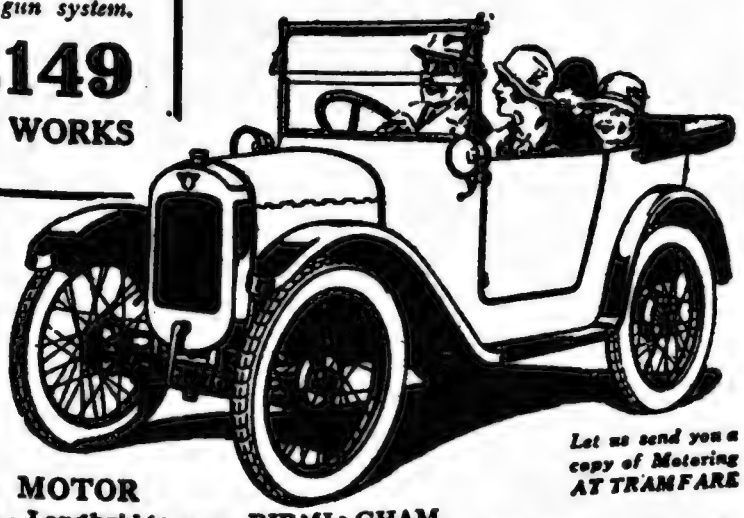

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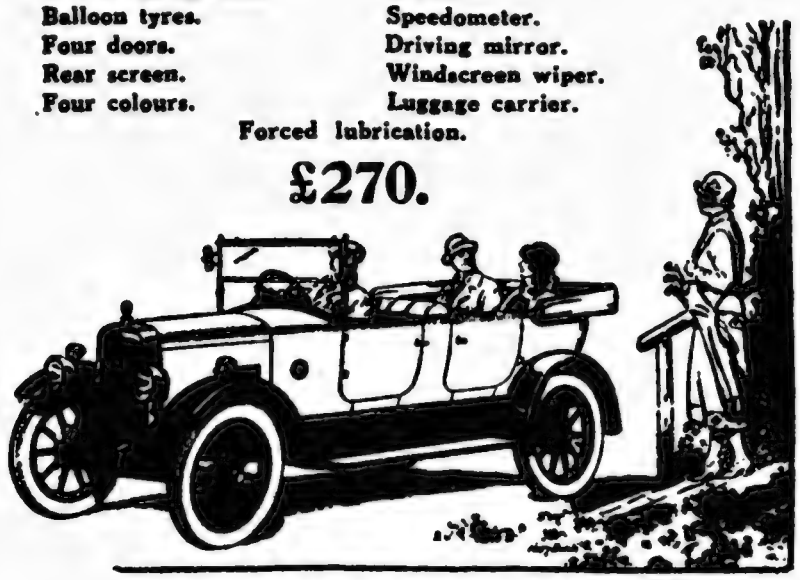

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Is Your Bookie a Twister?

Some Sound Advice for Punters who Don't want to be Welshed

ALTHOUGH the flat-racing season has hardly commenced, I have received numerous complaints from punters who have been welshed, principally over Tapin and Double Chance. It is a crying shame, but, bar a good showing up, not much can be done to twist the tails of these sharks. They have the law on their side.

Winning Postal Orders Burnt.

Owing to Scotland allowing the ready-money business, the crooked bookie goes north of the Tweed and finds he is on a soft thing. If your bet loses the cash goes into his pocket. If, unfortunately for him, it wins, he dodges payment by burning the bet together with the incriminating postal order. When you demand your winnings he has the nerve to tell you that your letter has not been received!

A bookmaker's clerk told me recently that he has seen over £50 worth of postal orders destroyed in this manner after a bad day.

The Big Men are Safe.

Backers are entirely in the hands of their bookmakers, and the best way of avoiding being diddled is to back with the big men and abide by their rules. If letters are to be posted at a stated time, carry out the rule. In the event of a win you cannot expect a bookmaker to pay you a sum of £5 or £10 if your letter is postmarked two or three hours after the set time of the race. The honest bookie is a business man and not a philanthropist.

How to Send Your Stakes.

Whenever possible forward your bets overnight, send the stakes by money order, and register the letter. These are merely safety measures, but, providing you deal with the well-known turf accountants and abide by their rules. and regulations, you are certain of a run for your money.

Holiday Racing.

The policeman's lot may not be a happy one, but it takes on a rosy hue in comparison with the life of the racing journalist—especially an inside man—on Easter Monday. I can afford to smile, as I shall be at Kempton Park, but the inside men will have to handle results from Kempton, Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Cardiff, and eleven hunt meetings. Heaven help them! You will find the entire list of results of all these meetings in the *Sporting Life and Sportsman* on Tuesday morning. My one-horse nap for the Bank Holiday is Labadens in the Queen's Prize at Kempton. I understand that Donoghue rides.

Easter Eggs.

"Atty" Persse has the majority of his horses well forward in condition, and will probably capture a race or two at Kempton on Easter Monday.

5 to 2 in a Fi.ld of Forty.

Huge fields ruled at Newbury, and backers were lucky to hold their own. The Beckhampton Plate attracted forty-one runners, one of the largest fields seen out for many a long day. The youngsters were all unknown, and foolhardy punters took 5 to 2 the favourite. It was asking for trouble. This race always brings out a big troop of horses. Thirty-six faced the starter last year, and over thirty in 1923.

Golden Hope II.

My French correspondent says don't follow the lead of those who are saying Golden Hope can be ignored for early English engagements because he was beaten at St. Cloud recently. The defeat was a narrow one, and his conqueror, whom he met at weight for age, is Prémontré, a very smart French miler, who beat Epinard last year in a fast-run race. Condover has been sent here to get a line for the Golden Hope folk, and when it suits them they will try a coup with the horse.

Follow Cottrill.

One or two heavy speculators of my acquaintance are following Cottrill, and they find it a paying proposition. The Lambourn trainer headed the list last year with sixty-four winners, and I think he will also be at the top of the tree this year. In the first week at Lincoln and Liverpool he sent out six winners, and Warwick and Newbury supplied him with another couple. Cottrill has a splendid string of horses, a fine jockey in Bobbie Jones, and an enthusiastic owner in Mrs. Sofer Whitburn.

H L. Cottrill, the most successful trainer of the moment.

Trials.

They call them "trials"—and so they are,
For if you follow blindly
The form in trials, you'll get a jar
That tries you most unkindly.

For A beats B a hundred yards,
Whilst C by D is beaten,
But when they race C smothers A,
As far as Slough to Eton.

When people talk of horses' trials
I get into a fury,
I'd find 'em Guilty ev'ry time
If I were on the jury!

Trainers Catch You Napping.

I have been asked many, many times if I consider trials are reliable guides for finding winners. Generally speaking, I think they are misleading. You seldom know what weights are being carried and you never know which animals are being tried out. Buoyant, 10 to 1, ridden by Donoghue, beat an odds-on favourite, Kentish Glade, at Liverpool on March 28. Ten days previously Buoyant, with Steve up, finished last of seven in a trial. It stands to reason that trainers do not shriek their good things from the house-tops. If a stable has several horses engaged in a certain race and the trainer elects to run a trial winner in preference to the others, obviously it is a pointer, but I think in the majority of cases trials will catch you napping.

Dempsey's First Two.

Did you notice the names of Frank Dempsey's first two winning mounts in this country? Jaller and Diacquenod—or Die in Quod, as most of the layers prefer to call the horse. They were not branded with broad arrows.

More To Follow.

I have been asked to give another list of horses to follow. The following four will put money in your pockets.

HARPIST.—A very consistent four-year-old, and will do well in sprint races.

LIGHTHOUSE.—Won twice last year. A real mud-lark, and when the going is heavy will do well at a mile.

PHAROS.—Ran some great races last season. An ideal Cup horse.

TWELVE POINTER.—A good 'un. Won seven out of twelve last year, including the Cambridgeshire. Ten furlongs will find this handsome colt often flashing first past the post.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Bristol Times and Mirror, Sheffield Early Bird, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Liverpool Sporting Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Belfast Irish News, Mid-day Sporting Chronicle.

A 2 V S R M L U O G T N K F

X W E Q C P 3 Y H B Z J I D

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. M K R X C H H J would read PICAROON.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from April 8 to April 14.

"SILVER RING."

Soccer this Week-End

WE ought to see a great English Cup final. Both Cardiff City and Sheffield United are teams that try to play good football and not merely stop the other side.

Why do half the professionals merely walk through their games at this period of the season when there is nothing at stake. It is not fair to the public.

The player of the season in England is Gillespie the Sheffield United inside left. He has done more than any other of his comrades in taking his side to Wembley.

I hear of at least half a dozen clubs who are making nearly a clean sweep of their players when the season is over, and two or three are not concealing their intentions.

A well-known forward was recently reported as being transferred for £4,000. The actual price was £1,500. Where is the sense in mis-stating the facts?

No club is better managed than Bolton Wanderers, and that is why such a handsome profit has been made at Burnden Park this season.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 18.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—*Arsenal, *Aston Villa, *Huddersfield, Manchester C., Sheffield U., *West Ham.

AWAY WINNERS.—*West Bromwich.

DRAWS.—*Blackburn v. Sunderland, *Bury v. Birmingham, Liverpool v. Spurs, Newcastle v. Bolton W.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—*Blackpool, *Derby Co., *Hull C., *Portsmouth, Port Vale, *Wolverhampton W.

AWAY WINNERS. — Manchester U., *Leicester C.

DRAWS. — *Barnsley v. Southampton, *Fulham v. Clapton O., Middlesbro v. Chelsea.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol R., *Charlton, *Exeter C., *Newport, *Northampton, *Swansea, *Watford.

AWAY WINNERS.—*Bristol C., Swindon.

DRAWS.—*Reading v. Plymouth, *Southend v. Millwall.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS. — *Crewe, Durham, Lincoln, *Nelson.

AWAY WINNERS. — Accrington, New Brighton.

DRAWS.—*Ashington v. Bradford, Barrow v. Rotherham, Doncaster v. Rochdale, *Southport v. Darlington, Walsall v. Halifax.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrieonians, *Celtic, *Hearts, Kilmarnock, *Partick T., Third Lanark.

AWAY WINNER.—*Rangers.

DRAW.—*Morton v. Raith R.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

WEEK-END COUPS.

7 HOME.—Bolton W., Chelsea, Bristol C., Plymouth, Darlington, Hibernians, Rangers.

5 HOME.—W. Bromwich, Manchester U., Swindon, Darlington, Rangers.

3 AWAY.—Swansea, Partick T., Airdrieonians.

3 DRAWS.—Everton v. Blackburn R., Oldham v. Portsmouth, Ayr v. Motherwell.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—W. Bromwich, Bristol C., Rangers, Blackpool, Barrow.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Rangers, Swansea, Oldham v. Portsmouth.

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English and Scottish Cups.

Nothing Starred. Nothing Barred.

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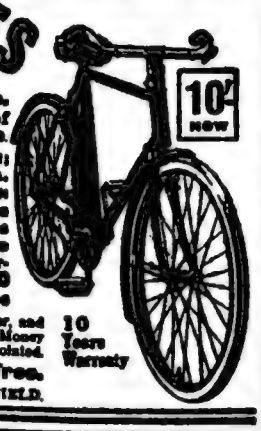

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Any to Come or Cross Bets.
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All Monies Returned First Post after Result.

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SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS
(No References Required).

Prospective Clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.

NO LONDON ADDRESS.
No Representatives Anywhere.

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RIDE AS YOU PAY

14 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL.

Now you can buy a fine All British guaranteed bicycle without "saving up." You simply pay off the moderate price in easy monthly instalments to suit your pocket! The Selby bicycle is perfectly made in every part and

GUARANTEED FOR A LIFETIME.

You can trust the Selby bicycle absolutely. Do not go without a cycle any longer.

You can have a Selby bicycle sent to you at once. Packed Free and Carriage Paid, for the first payment of 7/6. If after 14 days you are not fully satisfied, your money will be refunded. Send for handsome Art Catalogue of these fine, easy-to-buy cycles! Your copy sent free and post free on request, together with full details of easy payments.

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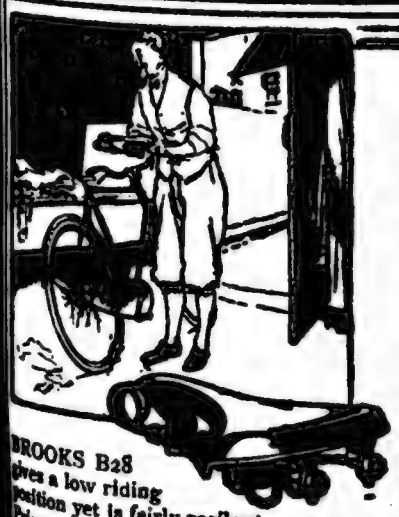

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Don't Delay

Fit your cycle for easy wheeling to-day if possible. See that you have the correct model for your style of riding.

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SADDLES

Write for a Wheelman's wallet which gives full details.

J. B BROOKS & CO., LTD.,

92, Criterion Works, Birmingham.

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Daily Mail HOSPITAL BALLOT

Organised by THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION.

Put your name down for £10,000 To-day

£25,000
in Money Prizes
Guaranteed by the
DAILY MAIL

1st Prize
£15 a week
for Life or
£10,000
(at Winner's Option).

And over
1,100
Cash Prizes
ranging from £3,000 down to £5
must be Won.

TICKETS 5/-

HALF-TICKETS 2/6

A Half-Ticket may win Half a Prize.

POST THIS COUPON

To The BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION,
Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

I enclose £ : : and stamped addressed envelope.

Please send me ..... *whole tickets;* ..... *half-tickets.*

Name (in full) .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

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Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the British Charities Association and crossed "& Co."

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

G. M. (Blackpool).—"Our typist is very fast." We trust she knows where to stop.

F. J. (Putney).—"I dreamt I was floating in an ocean of beer." What a bitter awakening!

K. F. (Harrogate).—"I can't ride to hounds as I used to." Perhaps you've fallen off a lot.

Mrs. E. (Walsall).—"I never had anything to do with a mystery." Yet you married a mister-E.

Mrs. L. (Saltburn).—"I could pack any trunk in ten minutes." Then you've never tried packing an elephant's.

STUDENT (Oxford).—"I think nothing of sitting up all night over a case." And are you still sober in the morning?

L. F. D. (Romford).—"I make him write to me from every port he visits." Is it love, or foreign postage stamps?

W. R. (Evesham).—"A man has no right to criticise a poem if he can't write one." Nor an egg if he can't lay one?

Mrs. P. (Swindon).—"My little boy tells so many lies I don't know what to make of him." A politician, of course.

T. L. E. (Ashby).—"I never seem to succeed, but I am always trying." Try being less trying, and perhaps you will succeed.

TESSIE (Bournemouth).—"I know when I'm out of sight I'm out of mind." We certainly can't see you, but we don't say you're insane.

S. D. W. (Dousland).—"The lady I've asked to marry me is very sensible." Don't boast—perhaps the next one you ask will *accept* you.

F. W. (Rathen).—"Married couples are always questioning each other's movements." Consequently, there are many whys after the event.

V. H. (Gloucester).—"I've got a wind up because my wages have been reduced." We trust, however, you will merely feel a draught and not an overdraft.

S. A. (Ardley).—"A man's first consideration should be to look to his wife's future." And her last consideration should be to look into his past.

A. P. R. (Consall).—"After destroying four drafts of this letter, I must risk sending it as it is." That's quite all right, thank you—we've done it for you.

"ENERGETIC" (Balham).—"I have a cold bath every morning." The remedy is, of course, to get to the bathroom first, before all the hot water has been taken.

R. P. A. (Easton).—"You can learn a great deal through postal tuition." We feel sure, certainly, that our daily post has developed our use of bad language.

T. B. (Bedford).—"Spring-cleaning has started." Don't men-shun it!

B. B. (Peckham).—"I paid the bitter price." We often do, but it never tastes like it.

"CITIZEN" (Yatton).—"Political parties are always up to some game." Follow-my-leader, usually.

G. S. (Bromley).—"My wife is always letting off hot air in the house." There's nothing like central heating.

G. M. (Brixton).—"I am looking forward to the summer of 1925." We are still looking forward to last year's.

D. S. (Letchworth).—"What is an optimist?" A man who orders a packet of grass seeds, a lawn mower and a roller.

Miss L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"My fiancé and I were brought up together." On what charge?

H. H. (Doncaster).—"I have never backed a successful race horse." Because you've never spotted a good pace horse.

"MALE" (Lugton).—"The housewife, I am told, is changing." Then you should call on her at a more convenient time.

L. F. (N. 7).—"One often hears of a fortune being made on the stage." On the stage, yes: but not so often in the box office.

Mrs. T. (Leyton).—"My husband is always on the move." Not oftener, we presume, than four times a year—at quarter-day.

D. E. (Lowestoft).—"I have rescued the same girl from drowning on two occasions." Once more and she becomes your own property, we suppose.

Mrs. D. (Hornsey).—"Can you give me some hints on making a success of a big children's party?" Yes, swat up local bylaws on riots and civil disturbances.

F. R. (Halifax).—"My greatest wish is to die in harness." You must realise, however, that donkey-drawn vehicles are becoming a thing of the past.

G. D. (St. Pancras).—"Do you believe in the saying: "Married in haste—repent in leisure?" Our experience is that once you are married there is no leisure!

B. R. T. (Hemel Hempsted).—"My wife, who has become a rabid vegetarian, says we should have no meat in the house." Looks as if the times were out of joint for *you*.

L. P. (Stockwell).—"My dog will insist on following the milkman." What is he—a water-spaniel?

H. T. (Bermondsey).—"How should one deal with a card cheat?" One should deal oneself.

W. J. (Grimsby).—"Are you carrying out those ideas I sent you?" Our office boy did it for us yesterday.

"RUSTIC" (Ewelme).—"What *will* the farmers do if their crop isn't better this year?" Go to seed, most likely.

"CALM" (Ashbourne).—"I have great patience." If you had to read your own letter you'd find you had much less.

B. S. (Islington).—"When I got back, it made me cross to find the tap running." How truly annoying! Did you chase it?

F. H. N. (Margate).—"The plate slipped out of my hand before I knew it." We've had the same experience with money.

W. P. (Swindon).—"She calls me extravagant, but how can a man live without spending?" By getting six months' hard.

M. G. F. (Mark's Tey).—"I have a friend who never seems to back a loser." How nice to have a pal with such winning ways.

J. McT. (Paisley).—"The Englishman, by adding more to it, often spoils his pleasure." But then it takes a Scotsman to drink it neat.

A. C. D. (Hornsey Rise).—"Our new baby is a fine boy, though he certainly cries a lot." Congratulate you both on a howling success.

ALICE B. (Compton).—"A woman clever with her needle can dress on next to nothing." Fashions to-day suggest that soon the cost will be quite nothing.

K. J. L. (Manchester).—"I've reckoned up that I know exactly a hundred people." That's splendid. Then you won't try to know us, or it would spoil the number.

B. K. (Lancaster).—"When my wife stopped talking I was so surprised I couldn't think of anything to say." Bad luck. You've missed the chance of a lifetime.

H. K. (Goring).—"Many motorists get lost without a map." A Ford driver recently completely lost his bearings, but they were returned to him by a pedestrian who noticed them drop from the car.

LIFE was simpler two thousand years ago than it is nowadays. Yet even in that less-complicated age one of the greatest philosophers of Ancient Rome declared, "Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life."

Many people, however, have no one to whom they can turn for wise counsel in their perplexities. To all such JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service offers the advantage of unrivalled experience in every walk of life.

Whatever your dilemma, you may safely confide it to us. Send a stamped and addressed envelope, and we will do all that is humanly possible to help you out of your difficulties. Our aim is to make our readers wiser and happier.

G. D. N. (Leeds).—"It's love that makes the world go round." And sometimes whisky.

L. S. K. (Manchester).—"I saw smoke and screamed out to them, 'Fire! Fire!'" It is to be hoped they didn't.

BEBE (Acton).—"I'm certain he will never be happy in the union." Yet they make some workhouses quite comfortable.

DORA (Upper Tooting).—"What do you think of my poem entitled Pure White Snow?" We don't see the drift of it.

JESSIE P. (Bolton).—"My boss says I'm a girl he can leave things to." Then, naturally, you fancy yourself as an heiress.

BERTIE (Oxford).—"Should a fellow propose to a girl on his knees?" No reason why not, if she's willing to sit there.

B. D. (Birmingham).—"Do you think such a strong-minded woman will make a good wife?" Doubtless she'll make a better husband.

J. S. T. (Liverpool).—"When the policeman came up I was mending the lock on the door." And then did you make a bolt for it?

HENRY R. (Richmond).—"My father spent several hundreds on my education." What a striking illustration of the small purchasing power of money.

J. G. COLLIER (112, Stanley Road, Carshalton).—"I have been a tea clerk, and I entered my £500 *Bullet* in the name of 'A. T. Clarke.'" Why conceal the fact that you're a "Collier"—afraid you'd be black-listed for earning £500 in a day?

WILFRED J. (Horncastle).—"I've told you everything and a word to the wise should be sufficient." Unfortunately you didn't tell it in a word.

JASPER L. (Harrogate).—"I've made a stipulation that she must help me to rise in the world." In that case you can't grumble if she blows you up.

J. R. L. (Dewsbury).—"We may take it for granted that even our Royal family have their favourite playwrights." Sure! Just as the playwrights have their royalties.

G. B. (Aldershot).—"There is a falling-off in enlistments for the Army." We hear that in order to attract recruits there is a scheme on foot to make sergeant-majors human.

K. N. (Epsom).—"A motor ride makes a girl feel romantic." Perhaps one of these days a manufacturer will be enterprising enough to produce a two-seater car to seat one.

G. N. (Norbury).—"Six hundred families live here, but there is no public telephone." It seems a pity. Enraged, crimson-faced men dancing in the soundproof glass-box always afford innocent amusement to the little ones.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

An Ideal Budget

AN ideal budget, you'll agree, should fill the public's heart with glee. Most people would be very pleased if only Mr. Churchill eased their burdens with a heavy axe by cutting down their income-tax.

An ideal budget I've in mind, but one of quite a different kind—I mean the weekly *Passing Show*, whose cheery pages make smiles grow. The public's *always* pleased with *it*—it's packed with stories, jest and wit. Its pages couldn't well hold more—it has attractions by the score.

In this week's issue you will find humour and skits of every kind. Its six and thirty pages hold a wealth of jest and laughs untold.

There's gossip up to date and bright, and stories that are gay and light.

Quaint Ashley Sterne the jester plays in writing of "Umbrella Days" while A.G.G. with skilful pen comments on manners, modes and men. Quite candidly he writes about the "Things that we can do without." And A. A. Thomson blithely pens some lines on "Educating Hens."

So, if you're feeling dull and blue The Showman here prescribes for you a liberal dose of quip and jest, since laughter's tonic is the best. Just buy the *Passing Show* to-day—you'll find it drive all care away! The price is twopence—you'll not grudge it for such a bright and pleasing budget.

54 Miles an hour for 24 (consecutive) hours

On Monday and Tuesday last at the Montlhery Track, near Paris, a Rudge-Whitworth Motor Cycle ridden alternately by Lieut.-Colonel R.N. Stewart and Mrs. G.M. Stewart, created a 24 hours world's Motor Cycle Record.

Rudge-Whitworth
FOUR VALVE FOUR SPEED

A WORLD'S RECORD

1,300 miles covered in 24 consecutive hours. Average speed 54 m.p.h. 21 World's Records captured.

That this record has been established with a machine of only 3.46 h.p. will be sufficient indication of the value of four valves—and the built-for-long-service design of the Rudge-Whitworth Machine.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH Ltd., COVENTRY.

LONDON: 230, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.
MANCHESTER: 192 DEANSGATE.

60,000,000 Ingersoll owners Know —

that the outstanding characteristics of these famous watches are unfailing accuracy and low price. They know they keep good time under all sorts of conditions, that they can be relied upon at all times to show the *right time*, and that many years' faithful service can be expected from any watch or alarm clock bearing the name Ingersoll.

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Buy your Ingersoll from an Ingersoll Accredited Agent.
There are Ingersoll Agents everywhere.

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Any dealer who tries to persuade you to take something else has an ulterior motive for doing so

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., LTD., Ingersoll House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Mr. S. Barrett.

Indigestion
Chronic Nervous Trouble

"I hardly knew how to get about—always felt tired and suffered for years from indigestion. But after a month's treatment of Cassell's Tablets I felt like a new man."

Mr. Sidney Barrett's Case.

Mr. Sidney Barrett, The New Row, Horsford, writes as follows:—"For several years I suffered from indigestion, accompanied by head noises and other nervous symptoms. I always felt tired, and hardly knew how to get about. I had come to the conclusion there was no cure. However, I tried Cassell's Tablets, and after a month's treatment I felt quite a new man. I have been taking them ever since and would not be without them. I have recommended them to many others, who are delighted with the benefit they have received from them."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Weakness
Neuritis	Nerve Pains	Children's
Indigestion	Headache	Weakness
Sleeplessness	Anæmia	Wasting
	Palpitation	

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world.

WIDOWS' RENT DAYS

The Spectre that Haunts the Poor

PROSPEROUS men who sign cheques for rent once every three months often feel inclined, when quarter days come round, to exclaim with Byron, "Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!" How many realise that rent day is a dreadful spectre that haunts the lives of the poor week by week?

Take the case of a poor woman living in a London suburb. Her husband died from an ailment which was in all probability brought on by his being gassed during the war, but he had no pension, and she was left penniless, with six children to provide for.

SHE went out daily to work, but her earnings were insufficient to provide adequate nourishment for such a large family after paying the rent. Still she struggled on, and successfully kept the rent-day spectre at bay until she was stricken with bronchitis and for several weeks was unable to work.

At the same time, two of her children contracted whooping cough, and she had to nurse them as best she could.

One of the children was old enough to be earning money, and was working half-time, but this income was insufficient to pay the rent, and the family was in a terrible plight when the matter was brought to our notice, and "The Greatest of These—" Fund went to the rescue.

ANOTHER case is that of a war widow living in Liverpool. She, too, had six children, and was working her fingers to the bone, as the saying is, to try to bring them up respectably.

It was the dread spectre of rent day that forced her to appeal to us at last, for the only income was provided by a daughter, sixteen years of age, who earned 8s. 6d. a week, out of which she had to pay 2s. for train fare to her place of business.

THERE is no more deserving charity than "The Greatest of These—" Fund, which endeavours to save such struggling souls from their despair, without distinction of class or creed. Please send us a contribution now.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

M. Hambrook, 5s.; G. S., 6d.; A. Thom, 1s.; E. Perkins, 1s.; J. Coombs, 3s.; Braeside, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Zebedee, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; E. B. (Walthamstow), 1s. 6d.; Myself, 2s.; Mother, 6d.; Son, 6d.; H. B., 6d.; "Scots Greys," 1s. 2d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; Mrs. Hunter, 2s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; "Wir" Ninth (Lerwick), 2s. 6d.; M. C., 2s. 6d.; G. D. Ninth, 4½d.; J. N. S., 1s. 6d.; Ex-Hussar (Whitby), 1s.; H. C., 1s.; Len, 4s.; C. Baker, £1; T. L. S., 2s.; A. E. Young, 6d.; Portslade-by-Sea, 4½d.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; B. H. Blayshire, 1s.; J. W. Meeine, 2s. 6d.; M. D. Gastins, 1s.; Anon. (Fishguard), 10s.; Mrs. M. Wood, 1s.; Phebe, 1s.; A Small Thank-Offering, 1s. 6d.; Tom Heyes, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Acton), £1 9s.; Grateful Heart, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. M. Cooper, 11s. 6d.; "Mites," 10s.; Downpatrick, 1s. 11d.; Mrs. Kenner, pcl.; Anon. (E.C.), 1s.; A. Ward, 2s. 6d.; A. Bentham, 1s.; "Joyful," 10s.; N. W. (Battersea), 1s. 3d.; "Useful Aunt," 2s.; Bulwell, 1s.; J. B. W., 5s.; F. E. W., 4s. 11d.; L. T., 7½d.; Rugs, 1s. 2d.; M. A., 6d.; J. Porteous, 1s.; D. and O., 6d.; A. F. Munro, 6d.; Not Forgotten, 6d.; R. Williams, 6d.; "My Mite," 6d.; Nancy Jane, 1s.; W. H. D., 6d.; Competitor, 6d.; A. E. H., 2s.; G. Hancox, 6d.; P. Hoadley, 6d.; "703552," 6d.; Putlee, 1s. 6d.; J. Gunner, 1s.; T. P. Ninth, 2s. 6d.; "Sweep Ninth," 8s.; E. and G., 2s.; Tar-John, 6d.; Mrs. R. Bushnell, 1s. 6d.; Woolwich, 1s.; "Jessie," 1s. 4d.; "Aberdeen Awa'," 5s.; "From Jack (Ken.)," 2s. 6d.; Torquay Third Ninth, 4d.; E. Henning, 2s.; Birmingham, 2s.; A. and P. L., £2; "Old 35th," 2s. 6d.; The Pen Shop (Strand), 9s. 7½d.; New Leaf, 1s.; "Garnet," 2s. 6d.; M. Beaton, 5s.; L. K., 1s.; H. Palfrey, 2s. 6d.; Thankful, 10s.; H. R., 6d.; Mr. A. Williams, £5 5s.; Blacksmith, 2s.; Railwood, 2s. 6d.; Ex-Royal Fusilier, 5d.; J. L. W., 1s.; S. R. (Hyndland), 5s.; Newark, 1s. 1d.; W. Baird, 1s. 2d.; C. Kilpatrick, 1s.; G. H. B. W., 5s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

Easter Eggs to be Won!

A Job for the Holidays.

YOUTH will out—and it has been coming out with particular success in *Bullets* of late. The last three biggest contests have produced three First Prize-winners under thirty, but Mr. J. G. Collier, of 112, Stanley Road, Carshalton, has proved again that old shoulders often carry a *Bullets* head.

Having been a tea clerk in his early days Mr. Collier entered for *Bullets* under the name of "A. T. Clarke," which headed our prize-list last week; £500 is the big cheque that this competitor of nearly sixty has gained for his clever *Bullet*—WHAT THE OPTIMIST SAID—LATER, "BOOT-LACES, SIR?"

There is a touch of ripe experience about this effort which so ingeniously sums up the fate of many reckless optimists. Mr. Collier's own optimism has been of the steady kind that leads not to "Boot-laces, sir?" but to prosperity.

For many years he has been competing, "not treating it too seriously," he writes, "but merely as a jolly good pastime." Minor successes had previously come his way, including £1 prizes and *Bullets* Turkeys, besides smaller cash and other awards.

Apart from the satisfaction of gaining prizes, Mr. Collier has found that competitions have improved both his memory and mental alertness. *Your* memory and mental alertness may be satisfactory, but how is your bank balance? For hundreds in a delicate state of wealth, *Bullets* has proved a wonderful tonic.

So if you are a victim of this epidemic, you cannot do better than test its efficacy over your Easter holiday. Another £500 First Prize and twenty-eight other big "Easter Eggs" are waiting for competitors this week.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners.

(*Continued from page 35.*)

Dulwich, S.E.; — Nightingale, 234, Ham Rd., Worthing; H. Norman, U.S.A. Studio, 78, Rye Lane, London, S.E.; H. Osborne, 14, Green St., Burnley; A. Paton, 70, Mill St., Ayr.; C. Pell, Cambridge Road, Sandy, Beds.; L. M. Phillips, 22, David St., Grimsby; E. Pitcher, 10, Crouch Street, Banbury; G. Plater, 54, Old Broad St., London, E.C.; E. A. Porter, 48, Coulburst Rd., London, N.; R. E. Price, 72, High St., Rhyl; Mrs. E. M. Rees, 476, Southwark Pk. Rd., London, S.E.; F. Richards, 8, Bedford Pl., Basingstoke; H. F. Saunders, Uvinghoe School House, Nr. Leighton Buzzard; R. Scoullar, 217, Broad St., Ville End, Glasgow; J. Seddon, Q.M.S. 8th Hussars, York; P. Shelvey 12, Cemaes St., L'pool.; Mrs. W. Shopland, 19, Queen Eleanor Terr., Northampton; Mrs. A. Smith, 9, Helvetia St., Catford, S.E.; P. Smith, Church View, Harthill, Nr. Sheffield; J. Stanley, 79, Old Toril Rd., Maidstone; Mrs. J. Stell, 22, Bulwith Grove, West End, Halifax; J. Stewart, 10, Aubert Park, Highbury, N.; J. W. Taylor, Clarence Villa, Recalvers Rd., Westgate; D. G. Thomas, 4, Woodlands, Treforrhir, Merthyr Tydvil; T. Trelford, 11, 12, Street, N. Easington Colliery; Mrs. E. Wallis, "Shepherds," Wykehurst, Bolney; P. Walsh, 15, Hazel Wood Rd., Stockport; E. West, 154, Barcroft St., Grimsby; Mrs. E. Wildbore, 73, Nevis Rd., London, S.W.; J. Woodroffe, 6, Silverton Rd., Smethwick; J. W. Wooldridge, Acton Rd., Sudbury, Suffolk; R. Worley, 45, Princess St., Bury.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes, in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

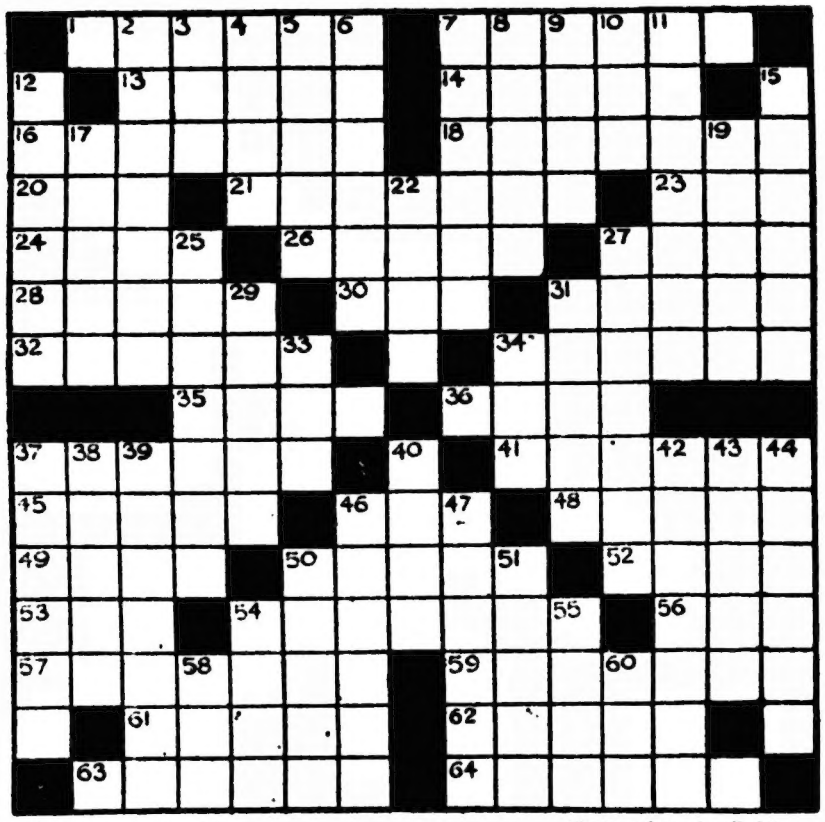
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

Our Cross-word Corner

Another Thousand Prizes This Week!



Cross-words No. 11. Closing date April 15.

ONE THOUSAND prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first thousand correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by April 15. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

ALL you have to do is to follow the hints in the clues below, and fill in the spaces in the puzzle adjoining. There are no tongue-twisting "freak" words. All you need is common-sense and a fountain pen.

CLUES.

ACROSS

1. To put in.
7. Belonging to the Church of Rome.
13. Keen.
14. One who acts for another.
16. To display passion.
18. A small grain.
20. Before.
21. Injured.
23. Moisture from the atmosphere.
24. Most good.
26. Likes intensely.
27. Number.
28. Animals' resting-places.
30. Colour.
31. Runs away.
32. Literary compositions.
34. Shuts.
35. Proper.
36. Plunder.
37. A military miner.
41. Dress-making term.
45. Foreigner.
46. Defective.
48. One who races.
49. To give sustenance.
50. Domestic Animals.
52. A small lake.
53. To go astray.
54. Head coverings.
56. To fasten down.
57. Position.
59. Directed.
61. A thick, prickly shrub.
62. To come in.
63. To give up.
64. Refreshed.

DOWN.

2. Vengeance.
3. Circulating fluid of plants.
4. Exclamation of surprise.
5. Kingly.
6. Vibratory motion.
7. Tattered.
8. Imaginary monsters.
9. Liquor made from honey.
10. Hotel.
11. Applies the mind to.
12. Threefold.
15. Hebrew woman.
17. Spaces.
19. Royal reception.
22. Assert.
25. Caught.
27. Floating ship-wrecked goods.
29. Mechanical horn.
31. Used for cooking.
33. Knight's Title.
34. Tooth on a wheel.
37. Most secure.
38. Vigilant.
39. Pier toll.
40. Farm building.
42. Staff borne by a monarch.
43. Weird.
44. Inclines in a particular direction.
46. Ensign.
47. Having greater depth.
50. American animal.
51. Pebble.
54. Feathered animal.
55. Rests on a chair.
58. Avoirdupois weight.
60. Clear of deductions.

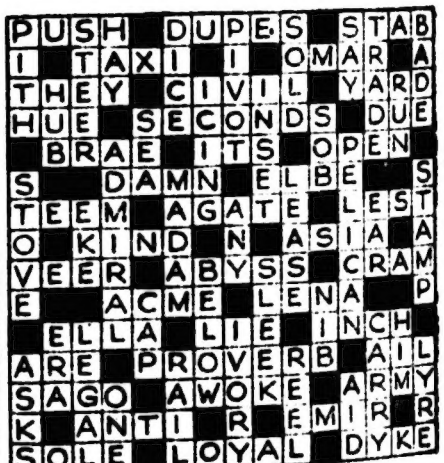
Fill in the puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 11, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Another Fine Crossword Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.



The solution of Cross-words No. 9, which was published in our issue of March 28. The Long prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL"

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 556.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. L. OSBORNE, "Omega," Wisborough Road, Southsea.

Example:—WHY HE'S A MILLIONAIRE
Bullet:—KEPT GOING "AFTER BUSINESS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. S. VALENTINE, "Arklow," Midsomer Norton, Bath.

Example:—WHAT WE FEAR
Bullet:—DOLE "LIFEBOAT" BECOMING "DES [illegible]."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. HARROP, 29, Elizabeth Street, Denton.

Example:—UP HIS SLEEVE
Bullet:—AMATEUR CONJUROR FORGOT WHICH.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. S. B. GILBERT, 32, Broad Green Avenue, Croydon.

Example:—UNNECESSARY
Bullet:—PENSION, USUALLY THE LARGEST.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. A. WIGLEY, 30, Chalmers Street, Battersea, S.W.

Example:—WHAT MARY JANE SAID
Bullet:—"GENERAL? THEY NEED REGIMENT!"

10 Prizes of £5 each:

G. W. BROWN, 9a, Park Parade, Harrogate.
ON TRIAL—BY CONSCIENCE, DEFENCE WONDERFUL.
T. COYNON, 9, Market Street, Church, Accrington.
MENDING—NOT IT NEEDLE HYPODERMIC.
G. FLINT, 309, Gt. Alfred Street Central, Nottingham.
WHAT MARY JANE SAID—"I'LL START AFTER SPRING."
E. HAMILTON, Plough Farm, Greenfield, Holywell, N. Wales.
WHAT MARY JANE SAID—JURY IMAGINED KEYHOLE PORTHOLE.
F. W. HISLOP, 34, Lady Margaret Road, Southall, Middlesex.
BILIOUS PILL—CONVICT EXPELLED FOR MISBEHAVING.
A. LAMBERT, Belvidere Road, Gt. Yarmouth.
KEPT UNDER—ESTIMATE, DEPARTMENT WASN'T TRYING.
F. C. MATHERS, 5, Dalston Road, Workington.
FOR MOTHER—LETTER SHE POSTS HERSELF.
H. P. MILLER, 31, Vernon Road, Leytonstone, E.
ON THE SCRAP-HEAP—AMBITION'S FAILURES—FAILURE'S AMBITIONS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Mrs. PULLEIT, 99, Hurst Street, Oxford.
FOR MOTHER—MABEL INITIALED GIFT "M."
R. THOMPSON, 19, Lanark Terrace, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.
QUITE ENOUGH—BRICKLAYERS—EVERY BRICKLAYER THINKS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

L. N. BIT, c/o Miss Bewick, 1, St. Johns Wood, Terrace, Dundee.
KEPT UNDER—BOY'S SOAP, LARDER KEY.
H. BILHAM, 14, Lordsmead Road, Tottenham, N.
QUITE ENOUGH—NELSON COLUMNS BOTH SWAYING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
R. EVANS, 72, Park Street, Luton, Beds.
WHY HE'S A MILLIONAIRE—BECAUSE SHE'S BRAGGING ALSO.
Miss M. FARLEIGH, 8, William Road, Sutton, Surrey.
WHAT MARY JANE SAID—FLOURISHING DIARY, "RISE, PLEASE!"
H. FISHER, 20-1 Avenue, Forest Town, Mansfield.
PRICE WE PAY—STILL ATTACHED, AMUSES PASSERS-BY.
A. GIBB, 6, West Holmes Gardens, Musselburgh, Edinburgh.
UNNECESSARY—MODERN LAWSUITS MAKE SERIALS.
Mrs. M. LEMMY, 88, City Road, Walton, Liverpool.
BILIOUS PILL—WINNING LAURELS ANOTHER WEARS.
R. PALMER, 27, Blake Street, Ilkeston, Notts.
CLOSING THE DOOR—AMERICA LOCKS—WE LATCH.
Mrs. M. PRICE, 62, Studley Road, Clapham, S.W.
UNWRITTEN LAW—WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAID.
A. P. TIMMS, 30, Minford Gardens, West Kensington, W.
WHY HE'S A MILLIONAIRE—STARTED PROFIT *Squaring* SCHEME.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

H. Abbott, Oldbury-on-Severn, Bristol; F. Aldous, 27, Sea View Road, Brightlingsea; P. H. Allsobrook, 4, Carrington St., Derby; R. C. Austen, 27, Pelham St., Brighton; G. Barrett, Ford, Little Hadham, Herts.; J. Barrett, 25, Albert Rd., Cosham, Hants.; H. W. Baxter, 8, Goldicroft Rd., Wednesbury; J. A. Baxter, 71, Eastgate, Bourne, Lincs.; F. D. Beare, 46, Winchester St., Andover; E. Beaumont, 30, Halifax Rd., Brighouse, Yorks.; W. S. Bell, 11, High St., Barnstaple; J. Bentley, 10, Globe Lane, Dukenfield; R. A. Berry, 40, Greycote, Shortstown, Cardington, Nr. Bedford; G. Bishop, Regent St. School, Salford; Mrs. W. Boardman, 14, East St., Dosthill, Tamworth; C. H. Bone, 102, Hurst Rd., Eastbourne; J. Boucher, 23, Woodfield Terr., Llanharran; G. W. Bristow, Hempnall, Norwich; F. R. Burns, Barochan, Eastwood Av., Giffnock, Glasgow; W. H. Campbell, 937, Penistone Rd., Owlerton, Sheffield; Miss M. C. Cartmell, Knivetón, Ashbourne, Derbyshire; F. C. Chapman, Sherwood, Churchdown, Glos.; A. Charles, 11, Gertrude Rd., Norwich; J. C. Chesterman, 40, Queen St., Oxford; A. Clark, 5, Ettride Terr., Hawick, N.B.; G. Coles, 3, Holly Terr., Staplegrove, Taunton; A. J. Colwill, 11, Cheltenham Pl., Plymouth; D. Conniff, 1, Exwick Rd., Exeter; A. Cornforth, 32, Baptist Well St., Swansea; P. Corr, 113, Joy St., Belfast; H. Dransfield, 4a, Schofield Lane, Moldgreen, Huddersfield; Miss L. Dudley, 261, Dudley Rd., Tipton; Mrs. E. A. East, 18, Overstone

(*Continued in next column*)

Rd., Northampton; J. Edgeley, 8, Cheltenham Rd., Cheadle Heath, Stockport; H. V. Exton, 30, Knowle Rd., Knowle, Bristol; Miss M. Fawke, Bovington, Wareham; J. Fotheringham, 20, Levenshulme Rd., Gorton, M/c.; A. T. Frost, 37, London Rd., Southampton; H. Gardner, 39, Little Heath, Charlton, S.E.; F. de Grey, 131, Brondesbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.; R. Gurney, Daisy Bank Station, Bilston, Staffs.; C. Handler, 15, Lewis St., Barry, Glam.; J. Harris, 68, Anthony St., London, E.; Pensioner R. Harris, Oulton Hall, W.P.H. Oulton, Leeds; J. Harrison, 68, Anthony St., London, E.; E. Henshaw, 111, Chester Rd., Macclesfield; E. Hill, 59, Bancroft Lane, Mansfield; Mrs. J. Hooper, 1a, St. Fencharrus Terr., Fowey; Miss F. Hughes, 1, College View Terr., Drumcondra, Dublin; D. Hurd, High St., Cloughton, Scarborough; J. Jackson, Ferndale, Shavington, Nr. Crewe; H. Jenkinson, 5, Preston Parade, Beeston; H. G. Johnson, 11, Bannockburn Rd., Plumstead, S.E.; W. Johnson, 16, Carlton Rd., Foleshill, Coventry; J. H. Jolly, 20, Roseberry Av., Plymouth; J. T. Lake, Horsel Lane, Castle Bromwich, Bham.; J. Lloyd, 111, Dinas Rd., Dinas, Rhondda; Mrs. E. McMullin, Wellington House Stables, Westgate; Mrs. M. Mann, 82, Bristol Rd., Birmingham; A. Marshall, 62, Waterloo Rd., Widnes; C. E. Martin, 9, "The Terrace," Finchfield Hill, Wolverhampton; A. D. Mitchie, 9, Spy law Rd., Edinburgh; A. G. Mordue, 65, Bewlan Rd., Tunbridge Wells; Miss W. Morsley, 2, Willoughby Rd., Hornsey, N.; W. Moulton, 38, Westmead Rd., Sutton, Surrey; E. E. Munday, 30, Chatham Pl., Brighton; C. F. Neale, 201, St. Marks Rd., London, W.; A. O. Nex, 111, Rosendale Rd., [illegible]

(*Continued on page 34.*)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 558.

WHAT WINSTON WANTS
WONDERFUL TIME
SPORT OF KINGS
WITH OR WITHOUT
ONE OF THE BEST
CLERK OF THE WEATHER
OPEN ALL DAY
FOR HER
WHEN PRINCE MARRIES
GAME OF LIFE
NUMBER ONE
LOVE AND MONEY
HER BIRTHDAY
WE WANT TO KNOW
LADY POLICEMAN
WAY THINGS GO
SOLD AGAIN
LEADS TO TROUBLE
A MODEL
HOMES FOR HEROES
NERVOUSLY
WHEN FATHER SHOPS
TRUE LOVE
TRYING TO PLEASE
NEW ASSISTANT
WORTH FIGHTING FOR
WITHOUT WINGS
WHAT THE CHEMIST SAID
HIS DOWNFALL
ON A POSTCARD
WHY THEY QUARRELLED
WHAT IS A MOTHER?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three**, or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—WHAT SHE BELIEVES *Bullet*:—PIECE SHE'S MASTERED, MASTERPIECE.
Example:—SCIENCE *Bullet*:—PROFESSOR SMITH NOW SMITHEREENS.
Example:—MATRIMONIAL HANDICAP *Bullet*:—SHE KEPT "ASKING MOTHER."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 558, John Bull Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example ..... Closing Date, Thursday, April 16.
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(558) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example ..... Closing Date, Thursday, April 16.
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(558) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example ..... Closing Date, Thursday, April 16.
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(558) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example ..... Closing Date, Thursday, April 16.
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(558 P.O. No .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 556 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 558 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 award to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 555, can now be seen in the window of Miss MALING, Carshalton-on-the-Hill P.O., Surrey.

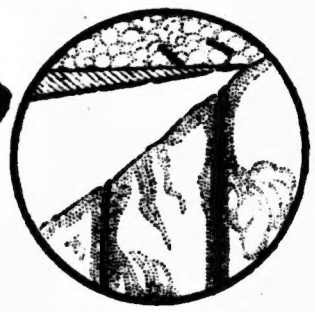
BOVRIL puts Beef into you!

A breakfast-time doubt

A strong-bearded man, having used Erasmic Shaving Stick for the first time, may be excused a breakfast-time doubt as to whether he has shaved or not—a doubt only dispelled by the practical test of passing the hand over the chin. After an Erasmic shave the skin has nothing to recover from. The beard is so prepared, the skin so soothed during the operation itself, that the minute the face is dry you cease to be conscious of having shaved at all—though the glass tells you that you have shaved exceptionally well.

The reason why Erasmic Shaving Stick gives you such a shave is conclusively shown in the accompanying drawings from micro-photographs.

If you look at a hair under a microscope you will see that it is composed of hundreds of overlapping scales. These render the hair armour-plated and tend to make the razor slip over, rather than cut the hair. A light, fluffy lather is powerless against these scales (or lamina as they are called).



The minute water-holding bubbles of Erasmic Shaving Stick penetrate the defences and hold the scales open. This makes it easy for the razor to cut clean through the hair, with a minimum of strain on the skin cells. In addition, Erasmic contains healing balms which have a wonderful soothing and cooling effect.

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK

In decorated tin 1/-
Nickel case - 1/3
Shaving Cream 1/6

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